PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER. 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

No. 1001. NEW YORK, AUGUST 8. 1917. Price SIX Cents.

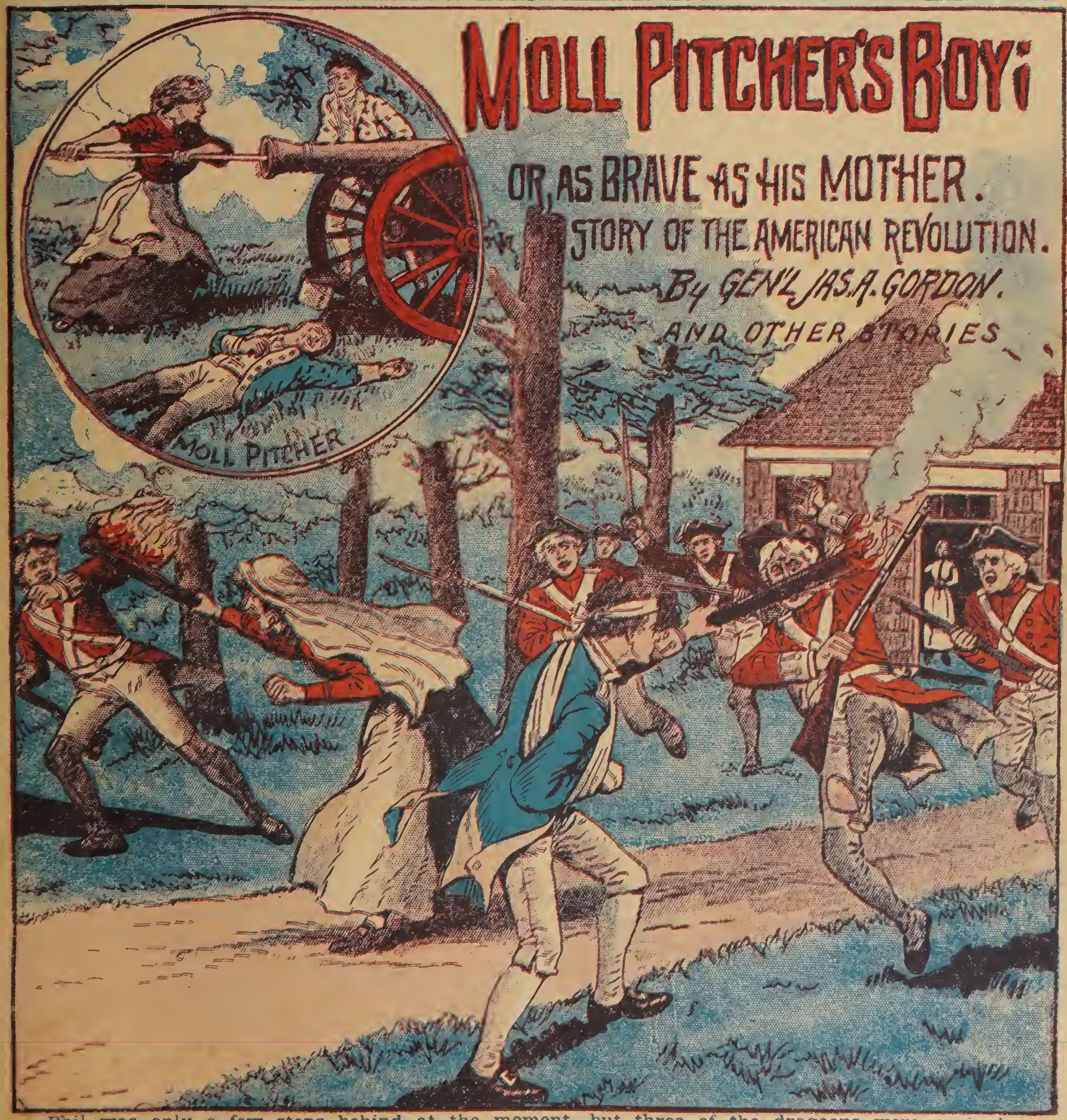
MOLL PITCHER'S BOY;

OR, AS BRAVE AS HIS MOTHER.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By GEN'L JAS. A. GORDON.

AND OTHER STORIES



Phil was only a few steps behind at the moment, but three of the dragoons were springing at him with their swords, while Captain Darling cried aloud: "Don't strike the prisoner, but secure him!" The daring youth let fly right and left with the burning brand.

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

Issued Weekly—By Subscription $3.00 per year. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second Class Matter by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York.

No. 1001. NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1917. Price 6 Cents.

MOLL PITCHER'S BOY

OR

AS BRAVE AS HIS MOTHER

By GENERAL JAS. A. GORDON

CHAPTER I.

WHO SAW MY BOY?

"Moll, listen to me now, as I want to have a serious talk with you."

"Don't bother me, sergeant, as don't you see that I'm in a hurry to fill the canteens for the boys, and they going into battle this morning?"

"Fill away, then, but listen to me."

"I'll hear every word you say, and I'll mind it, too, as I always do."

Thus spoke Sergeant Pitcher and his wife on an eventful morning in June when the war of the Revolution was at its height.

The soldier was seated in a tent smoking a pipe, and his wife was bustling about, filling canteens and water and whisky, and also watching a stew simmering over a fire outside.

"I suppose you know we expect a battle to-day, Moll," continued the soldier.

"To be sure I do; but that's not what makes you look so glum, as you're not afraid, I know."

Sergeant Pitcher, as he was called, smiled a little at his wife, and then replied in serious tones:

"I can't say that I am afraid, old girl, but soldiers will fall in battle, and we will have sharp work to-day, I am thinking; but I want to give you a warning about the boy."

"What about him?"

Moll Pitcher started and faced her husband, dropping her hands beside her as she asked the question, while her sprightly face wore a serious expression on the instant.

The sergeant held up his hand in a warning manner, as he answered:

"Don't talk so loud, as you can't tell who may be listening to you. It struck me a little while ago that something may happen me in the fight to-day, and I wanted to have a serious talk with you about him."

"Nonsense! Nothing will happen you, and I never saw you troubled before when going into battle; but what about the boy?"

"Do you know where we are making for now?"

"How do I know, sergeant? What I do know is that the English rogues fled from Philadelphia and good General Washington is chasing them along here."

"That's it, my girl. The English are retreating to New York, and General Washington is trying to cut them off."

"What has that got to do with the boy?"

"A good deal, it may be. I heard last night that Captain Darling is with the dragoons sent on here from New York to help the English general against Washington."

"Captain Darling! Captain Darling!" repeated Moll, as a scowl appeared on her comely face. "You mean old Lord Darling's son?"

"I do. He landed in New York two months ago with his company of dragoons, pretending to be very anxious to fight against the Americans, but I think I know what his real object is in coming here to America, and so do you."

Moll clenched her fist and shook it in the direction of the English camp as she growled forth:

"That I do, and I'd like to have the villain afore me now. I see what you are aiming at now, sergeant, about the dear boy, and what would you say to me?"

"I would call to your mind how we took charge of him long years ago, and the solemn promises he made then about him."

"I'll never forget that night; and haven't I been like his own mother to the brave boy? Haven't you been a father to him, I'd like to know?"

"We both did the best we could for him, and we have protected him so far," answered the soldier in grave tones, "but the trying time for him is coming now, I fear."

"Do you mean to tell me that Captain Darling suspects who he is?"

"I fear he does, Moll."

"What makes you think so? Didn't we change our name when we left the old land, and how could they track us here at all?"

"I don't know how they did it, but I fear they have, and you know I am not one to be very suspicious."

"And do you think the villains will try to kill the brave boy?"

The sergeant reflected over the question for some moments in a very serious manner, and he then answered, saying:

"I don't think they will try that at all, but they will try to get him in their power. Do you remember the promise we made sixteen long years ago?"

"To be sure I do."

"What was it, then?"

"We promised the good lady that we would bring her boy here to America—that we would treat him as our own son and that we would take him back to her again when he was twenty-one, providing either of us were living."

"That's it, exactly; and what did we promise if either of us should die?"

"We promised the good lady to leave the letter for the boy telling him who he is, but not to mention a word about it to him on our lives until he was over eighteen years old, and not then, barring we were both dead."

The soldier nodded his head, and then continued, saying:

"You have it, all right, Molly, and the letter is safe with you. I only want to give you a warning now if anything should happen to-day."

"Nonsense, my brave man, as you will live to fight many a battle after to-day."

The brave soldier sprang from his seat and shook himself, as he responded:

"Maybe I will and maybe I will not, but listen well to me."

"Sure I am listening all the time and never saying a word at all."

"Then what I have to say is this. Watch over the boy well, and see that he does not get into the hands of those who are after him."

"I'll be the death of the rogues if they come near him,

so I will," exclaimed the excited woman, as she shook her clenched fist in the direction of the English camp again.

"If he should get into their hands," continued Sergeant Pitcher, move heaven and earth to get him away from them again. It is not to their interest to injure him bodily, but they would poison his mind and use him for their own wicked purposes, which would be far worse than deat hto him and the good lady who loves him."

"To be sure they would, and I'll poison them if they attempt to touch my boy, good or bad."

"Here he comes now," said the sergeant, in sprightly tones, "and don't forget what may be my last warning, Moll."

"Don't be making a fool of yourself, and did I ever forget anything you ever said to me? Phil, my boy, and so you are fixed for the fight?"

The last words were addressed to a strapping youth of seventeen or eighteen, who ran into the tent as he answered:

"I am ready for fight, mother, but I'd like some breakfast in a hurry. We may get the order to fall in at any moment, as General Clinton has made a stand for it at last."

"Then sit down and I'll give you both some stew at once and some fine coffee after it," cried Moll in lively tones, caressing the lad at the same time.

Phil Pitcher, as he was called, had enlisted in a Virginia Horse regiment about a year before, and he had already acquired a splendid reputation as a daring young cavalry soldier.

He was tall for his age, which was not quite eighteen, and he could handle his sword and his horse with the best in the troop.

Before joining the cavalry regiment, Phil acted as a drummer boy with the infantry, living in the same tent with his father and mother, and he was then always known as Moll Pitcher's boy.

Moll Pitcher was far better known in the regiment than her brave husband, as she was a sutler, and supplied the soldiers with various articles, such as tobacco, whisky, and other delicacies as they could afford.

The American soldiers could not purchase many luxuries at the time, however, and they were very glad to get even food and rough clothing while battling against their rich and powerful enemies.

The sergeant and his adopted son had scarcely commenced their early meal when a trumpet blast was heard in the distance, and the two soldiers sprang up, the young man crying:

"There goes the trumpet, mother, and I must away to mount."

"Take this flask and cake with you, my brave boy, and may heaven preserve you in the fight to-day!" cried Moll Pitcher, as she clasped the lad in her arms.

"All right, mother. Good-by for a while. Farewell, father, and let us give the English a fine drubbing to-day."

"We will, my boy, we will!" cried the old soldier, as he seized a flask and a cake also.

The young soldier dashed away to the front, and he was soon mounted and ready for the charge.

Moll gazed after him with loving eyes, and then turned to her husband, saying:

"What's your hurry, man, as the first drums didn't beat yet, and sure the battle won't commence until General Washington comes?"

Sergeant Pitcher served in the artillery, having charge of a gun, and he replied:

"General Lee may attack the enemy before our commander comes along, and we must have the gun ready. Good-day, Moll, and don't forget my warning."

The drums beat to arms at that moment, and the woman followed her husband some steps from the tent, as she cried out:

"I don't forget anything you ever said to me. My blessings on you, and give it hot and heavy to the English."

"We'll pepper them, never fear, but don't forget my warning, and watch over the boy while you have life and strength."

Several soldiers hastened to the tent at the time to fill their canteens, and Moll Pitcher had her hands full for the next hour or so.

In the meantime, the battle had commenced in front, and the cannon and muskets blazed forth in the deadly strife.

Moll listened now and then, and she would cast her eyes out of the tent, as she remarked to one of her customers:

"Glory be to goodness! Isn't it a pity good General Washington isn't there to smash the English altogether?"

And more than one of her customers replied:

"He is coming along with reinforcements, and we are holding our own against them as it is."

"Do you call that holding our own?" cried Moll, in indignant tones, as she saw some stragglers running to the rear.

Then out from the tent she burst, yelling:

"Back with you, you cowardly rogues, and fight like men for liberty. Do ye want the English dogs to be masters over ye again?"

Some of the stragglers did turn back again when thus upbraided by the patriotic woman, who turned to those lingering in the tent, crying:

"Shoulder your guns, you villains, and away with you out of here to fall in where you belong, and fight to the death. I'll wager you my brave husband and me darling boy will not turn their backs, and it is in the front you'll find them now by gun and horse, battling for the country that gave us shelter and freedom."

The soldiers hastened away to the front, and the patriotic woman followed them some distance, as she muttered aloud:

"Bad cess to me if I don't think the day is going against us, from what I see, and may Heaven send General Washington here soon. Where are you going, you cowardly blackguards?"

The question was addressed to a lot of soldiers who were flying back in disorder, some of them showing wounds they had received in the fight.

"Oh, Moll, Moll!" answered one of them, whose right arm was hanging helpless by his side, "the battle is lost, and the sergeant lies dead beside his gun!"

A yell of rage and anguish burst from the patriotic woman, as she dashed on to the front, crying:

"My brave man dead beside his gun, and the murdering English beating us this way? By the powers above, but they won't have it all their own way while Moll Pitcher has a hand to raise against them."

On through the stragglers and through the brave men who were holding their ground dashed the heroic woman, her hair flying in disorder over her neck and shoulders.

Guided by the reports of the cannon in front, the brave creature pressed on and on until she was in the midst of the battle and standing beside the gun where her gallant husband had fallen in defense of his adopted land.

Bending down over the dead soldier for a moment, one sob only escaped from the devoted woman, as she muttered aloud:

"He did give me his last warning, and now to show the English that they won't have it all their own way."

Springing to her feet and staring around for a moment, Moll Pitcher cried:

"I'll take my husband's place at the gun. Give me a hand, my boys, and we'll blaze away at them again!"

The gun had been silent for some minutes, as the men working it had been either killed or wounded.

Inspired by the example of the heroic woman, two soldiers sprang to her assistance, one of them crying:

"Hurrah for Moll Pitcher! Who will retreat now when a woman mans the gun?"

A wild cheer rang out from those around, while Moll seized ball and powder and rammed the charge home with all the vigor that her dead husband could have shown, as she kept crying:

"My brave man, I'll avenge you to-day, and the English haven't won the battle yet."

Pointing her gun at the enemy, Moll took the match and applied it, crying:

"Blaze into them now, and may every ball I fire strike terror to the English dogs."

Another wild cheer burst from those near, and word was soon passed along the faltering lines that Moll Pitcher was working her dead husband's gun and fighting gloriously for liberty.

At that crisis the troops under General Lee had suffered severely while attacking the English line, and some of the regiments had been driven back in disorder.

Moll Pitcher's heroic action and soul-stirring words seemed to reanimate the patriots, however, and the stragglers rallied on all sides.

On went the struggle, and then out along the line rang a name that was dear to all, as the word was passed from mouth to mouth:

"Washington is coming!"

Washington was coming to stay the tide of defeat, and to assail the English with redoubled vigor.

With her dead husband still lying beside the gun, Moll Pitcher fought throughout the day, only turning to gaze down at his pale face every now and again as she would mutter aloud:

"The poor fellow gave me his last warning."

"All through that day Washington fought with his half-armed troops against the well-supplied veterans of England, and when night closed over the scene the Americans were masters of the field.

Begrimed with smoke and powder, weary with grief and her glorious exertions, and faint and hungry as well, Moll Pitcher rested at last to pay tribute to the heroic dead.

Slowly and sadly she walked after her husband, as friends bore the dead body back to the tent, and still her muttered words were:

"The poor man gave me his last warning, and now we will give him a fine wake."

Moll Pitcher was the heroine of Monmouth that night.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WARNING.

General Lee was one of the leading officers in the American army at that time, and it is well known that he was severely censured for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth.

Washington had planned for a glorious victory over the enemy, but the result of the struggle was not decisive, and General Lee was upbraided therefore.

Some accused him of cowardice, while others asserted that he was ambitious and treacherous, and that he was in league with the English to betray our country.

The erring general was removed from his command on the field of battle, and Washington compelled the enemy to fall back, if he did not achieve the great victory that he had anticipated.

Brave Moll Pitcher was seated beside the dead body of her husband that night, and several of her friends were gathered around her.

Every now and again she would rise from her seat and look out of the tent, as she would inquire:

"Who saw my boy?"

The cavalry regiment to which Phil Pitcher belonged was encamped to the right of the line, and it was reported that it had suffered severely while making two charges on the enemy early in the day.

Moll had sent three messengers away to the camp to bring her boy to his father's wake, and none of them had yet returned.

Several officers had called on the brave woman to compliment her on her glorious work, but she did not seem to heed their praises, as she was thinking only of her dead husband and her absent boy, while she would respond to them in curt tones, saying:

"Sure, an' wasn't it my duty to take my poor man's place when he fell beside his gun?"

About nine o'clock a slight commotion took place outside the tent, and then a voice cried out:

"Here comes General Washington!"

"And is the general coming to the wake?" inquired Moll, as she arose once more and strove to arrange her hair.

Before any one could reply a stately officer of martial bearing entered the tent with his head uncovered.

The rough woman made an awkward bow to the noble man, as she stammered forth:

"You are very welcome, general; and the poor sergeant makes a fine corpse for all."

General Washington gazed at the face of the dead soldier for a few moments, and then replied in clear and solemn tones:

"Yes, he died bravely at his post of duty, and his country will remember him."

The great general then turned and looked earnestly at the modest and heroic woman, as he inquired:

"Are you the woman known as Moll Pitcher?"

"Sure and I am, good general!"

Washington bowed to the brave creature, and then reached out his hand, as he exclaimed:

"Brave woman, would that all the men fought as well as you to-day. I heard of your heroic conduct, and I assure you that you will not be forgotten."

Moll Pitcher hung down her head as if she had received a reprimand, and the tears sprang into her eyes, as she stammered forth:

"And, sure, general, what did I do at all, but to take the old man's place for him and blaze away at the English?"

A smile passed over Washington's grave countenance, and he responded, saying:

"You did take his place with splendid effect, noble woman, and I will not forget you."

Washington pressed the hand within his own once more, and he then turned to take another look at the dead soldier, as he remarked:

"He will be buried with honors, and his widow will not be forgotten by the country."

The grave chief was then turning to leave the tent, when Moll Pitcher addressed him, and earnestly inquired:

"Good general, did you see my brave boy at all?"

Before Washington could reply, a cavalry officer entered the tent and saluted the general.

The officer then turned to Moll Pitcher and inquired:

"To be sure he is; and why isn't he here at his father's wake, at all?"

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Pitcher, that he was taken prisoner at the second charge made by the regiment this morning, after he had slain three of the enemy with his sword when we were charging through them."

"My boy a prisoner! Blood alive, and had he a sword still in his hand when he gave in?"

"He had not, I am sorry to say, as he was flung from his horse and severely wounded, I fear, while we were cutting our way through the enemy's dragoons on our retreat."

"My brave boy wounded and a prisoner," groaned Moll Pitcher, as she turned to gaze at her dead husband. "Oh, me poor man, I mind your last warning now, and how can I save my brave boy?"

Washington had stepped out of the tent to mount his horse, and the young officer replied:

"I am Captain Hardy, commanding the troop in which your boy served. I heard of your brave actions to-day, and I assure you, for your own sake, as well as for your son's, that I will do all in my power to rescue him."

"Many thanks to you, sir, and where do you think he is now?"

"I presume he is a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, but I will soon find out for certain."

"How can you do that, sir?"

"Three of our scouts have gone out to search for him, as he was a great favorite with us all, and I hope to hear about him before morning."

"Was he badly wounded at all?" eagerly inquired the affectionate woman.

"I cannot say as to that, but I know that he was knocked from his horse by an English dragoon as he was riding by my side in the fearful charge, and we could not pull up to save him."

"Bad luck to that same English dragoon. And you say he knocked three of them over before they floored him?"

"He did. There was not a braver man in battle to-day than Private Phil Pitcher, and the best compliment I can pay him is to say that he is as brave as his mother."

The heroic woman blushed under the compliment, and then stammered forth:

"Don't be talking that way about me, sir, for sure my boy could beat three like me any day in the week."

A tall, slight man of middle age, who was dressed in plain homespun garments, entered the tent at that moment, and addressed Captain Hardy in cautious tones, saying:

"I have some news for you, captain."

"Then I will be out with you, Randy."

The stranger in plain garments left the tent, and Captain Hardy followed him, while one of the soldiers present remarked to Moll Pitcher:

"That's Randy Marvin, the best spy and scout in the whole army."

"Then I hope to goodness he has some news of my boy," answered Moll Pitcher, "and then I'll give him the finest drop of whisky he ever tasted in his life."

"I hope he has, Moll."

The impatient woman hastened out of the tent, when she saw Captain Hardy and the spy standing under a tree some distance away.

Running over toward them, she addressed the spy, and eagerly inquired:

"My good man, have you any news of my boy, good or bad, and I'll give you as fine a drop as ever went between a soldier's lips."

"He has news of your boy. But I wish you would speak a little lower, Mrs. Pitcher."

"Call me Moll Pitcher, if you please, as there is no nonsense about me, even if General Washington did shake my hand and blarney me a little. But I will speak easier, and let him tell me about my boy."

The spy smiled at the rough woman, and then answered, saying:

"Your boy is all safe for the present."

"Where is he, then?"

"He is in a farmhouse about five miles north there on the old road."

"Did you see him at all?"

"I did see him, and I would have tried to rescue him, only that he was not able to move."

"Is he so badly wounded, then?"

"He has received a pretty bad cut in the left arm and a knock or two on the head; but he will be all right in a week or so."

"Murder alive! And did you say he was a prisoner?"

"Yes, he is a prisoner; but he seems to have fallen into good hands."

"Isn't he in the hands of the English, then?"

"He is, as a troop of English dragoons hold the farmhouse where he is lying, but their captain has been very kind to him, as far as I could judge while prowling around there about an hour ago, and the people of the house are nursing him also."

"To be sure—to be sure!" responded Moll. "My brave boy was always a favorite wherever he went."

The woman then started suddenly, and glared eagerly at the spy, as she inquired:

"Did you say the English captain was kind to him?"

"He appeared to be, as I saw him talking to Phil very nicely when I peered in at the window."

"Tell me now if you know the English captain's name?"

"I heard one of the dragoons address him as Captain Darling."

A rude imprecation burst from the rough woman on hearing the name, and she then exclaimed in subdued tones:

"Mother of Moses, how queer things happen in this world. Captain Darling, Captain Darling, did you say?"

Moll Pitcher seized the spy's arm while asking the question, and he answered:

"Yes, I am certain that is the English officer's name who had command of the dragoons in the farmhouse."

"How old a man was he, and what did he look like?"

"He was a tall, good-looking young man about twenty-five with very dark features, and piercing black eyes. I didn't like his face much, as there was something snake-like and treacherous in it."

"There is, there is! Oh, Captain Hardy, you said you would do anything to rescue my boy."

"And I say so still," readily answered the young officer.

"And so do I," responded the spy. "Phil saved my life a week ago in the bravest manner possible, and you can bet I don't forget it for him."

Moll Pitcher became still more animated, and she grasped the arm of each of the men, as she continued in the most earnest tones:

"Then I beg that you will help me in getting him out of the hands of the villain who has him now. The last words my poor husband ever said to me concerned this very rogue, and the dread he had that Phil would fall into his hands."

The spy appeared to be surprised at the woman's words, and he remarked:

"Why, it appeared to me that Captain Darling was very friendly to the lad."

"Yes, yes—the serpent," answered Moll. "Bad cess to me if I don't start out at once to save my boy from something worse than death. Where is this farmhouse at all, and is he able to mount a horse?"

"Yes, I guess he could manage to mount a horse, and I will show you the way there if you insist on going, only I have to tell you that it will be very dangerous for you if you are discovered."

"What for, at all?"

"The English took particular notice of you to-day while working your husband's gun," answered the spy, "and they already know your name from some prisoners taken by them."

"To the mischief with the English, bad luck to them, and I am going to save my boy, if you will only show me the way there."

"One moment, good woman," said Captain Hardy, as he drew the spy aside, "as I want to get some points from our friend here."

"Hurry up, then, as I am all on fire to be away after my boy. Oh, murder, murder! To think that I can't stay at the wake to-night, and the poor sergeant to be buried early in the morning."

After consulting with the spy about fifteen minutes, Captain Hardy turned to Moll Pitcher, saying:

Brave woman, if you will disguise yourself, my friend here will lead you to the farmhouse, and I will ask permission from the general to take a small troop of horse as an escort."

"Me blessings on the pair of you," exclaimed Moll Pitcher, in fervent tones. "And now come into the tent to taste as fine a drop of whisky as ever wet a soldier's lips."

The officer and the spy accepted the invitation, the latter saying:

Then we'll drink to the rescue of your boy."

CHAPTER III.

"HE IS AS BRAVE AS HIS MOTHER.'

About eleven o'clock that night Phil Pitcher was sitting in the kitchen on an old farmhouse situated back from the highway, and about five miles from the field of battle.

A young country girl of sixteen was standing at the door looking out into the yard, and she turned to Phil, and remarked:

"They will soon be ready now, and some of the foot soldiers are moving along the road already."

"Come here ,then, if you please, as I want to speak to you very much," pleaded Phil, as he beckoned the young girl toward him.

The girl shut the door, and moved to the side of the young man, as she inquired:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can help me to escape, if you will?"

"Law me, how can you escape with the English all around the house, and their captain swearing that he will ask you away to New York with them. Besides, stranger, you are as weak as water, and your arm is helpless."

"I am able to walk or mount a horse, my good girl, and I will never forget you if you will help me to get away from them."

"I'd be right willing to do it if I knew how. Hush, as here comes their captain now."

The officer described by the spy entered the kitchen at the moment, and addressed the prisoner, saying:

"Well, youngster, we are bound for the road now, and you must come along."

A deep sigh escaped from Phil, and he answered in faint tones, saying:

"Why don't you shoot me at once, and be done with it, as I am not able to ride a horse to-night?"

"Why, I don't want to shoot you, and I propose to be the best friend you ever had, Pitcher, as I have taken a great liking to you."

Phil cast a scornful glance at the speaker, as he responded:

"You have taken a great liking to me, yet you insult me by asking me to desert my colors and fight with the enemies of my country."

"Are you certain that it is your country, youngster?"

"Certainly it is. My father is an American soldier, and I will never fight under any other flag, either, you may bet your life."

"In any case, you are my prisoner, and you must march along with me," retorted the officer in ugly tones. "If you can't ride on horseback we will put you in the ambulance wagon, but you may be certain that you cannot escape by playing any tricks on us, as you will be well guarded."

"Then I will ride on horseback," said Phil to himself, "as I will have a better chance of escaping than I would on foot."

Speaking aloud, he inquired, in civil tones:

"When do you start, Captain Darling?"

"In less than ten minutes, as the infantry are passing along now, and we will bring up the rear."

A rough voice was heard outside, crying:

"Where are you going, old woman?"

"I am going in here to seek a night's shelter, and take your hand off me, you big blackguard," answered a feminine voice with an Irish accent.

But it's against the orders, you know, and you can't go in there."

"What order have ye to keep an old woman from having a night's shelter?"

Phil Pitcher started on hearing the voice outside, as he knew at once that it belonged to his mother, while he said to himself:

"Thunderation! If that isn't mother, and what a blamed risk to run for me!"

The woman then pushed her way into the kitchen, and Phil then noticed that she was well disguised, having all the appearance of an old hag bent double with age.

The pretended old woman stared around the kitchen until her eyes rested on the young girl, when she inquired:

"Where's the mistress, my purty colleen."

"My mother is asleep upstairs," was the answer, as she has been sick for some time."

"Then maybe you'll be after letting a poor crater stop here for the night, and me blessings be on you? Oh, how my old bones are shivering, though it isn't a cold night at all."

While thus speaking Moll Pitcher moved up to the fireplace, where some logs were burning, passing close to her boy, and she whispered to him on the sly:

"Be on the alert."

Without waiting to receive permission, the old woman seated herself before the logs, and she then turned to the prisoner, saying:

"And so you were in the battle to-day, my poor boy, judging by your arm?"

"I was, old lady."

"Don't be calling me an old lady, as sure I am a poor lone widow woman without a soul belonging to me, barring a son who is a soldier like yourself."

"Which side is he fighting on, old woman?" demanded Captain Darling.

"On the right side, of course, and what other side would a brave Irish boy be on?"

"If he is fighting with the rebels, I'd like to catch him and hang him, you old hag."

The old woman glared up at the officer as she growled forth:

"It is too much hanging the likes of you did, but you'll be paid for it before long, and I hear ye got a good dose today from the rebels, more power to them."

"Shut up, you old hag, or I'll have you taken out and shot," cried the officer as he advanced on the old woman in a threatening manner.

The brave woman seized one of the burning logs from the hearth, springing to her feet at the same time to strike at the wretch, as she cried:

"Take that, you Saxon thief. Follow me, my dear boy, and friends are near."

The last sentence was uttered in very low tones, as the old woman bent her head toward her son, after having felled the officer to the floor.

Holding the blazing log aloft in both hands, the brave creature dashed to the door, yelling:

"Fire! Fire! Murder alive! Clear the way, or we'll all be roasted!"

Phil Pitcher took the hint given him by his mother, and he seized a small log in his right hand, and dashed out after her, yelling:

"The house is on fire!"

The soldiers on guard outside the door fell back in alarm before the old woman and her son, while the young girl dashed out after them also, crying:

"That old woman must be crazy, as the house isn't on fire."

Captain Darling sprang to his feet at the moment, and he drew his sword and a pistol, as he yelled:

"Seize the prisoner, and take that old woman, as she is an infernal spy."

About fifty dragoons were scattered around the yard and in the stables, holding their horses ready to mount, when the old woman dashed through them waving the burning log, making her way for a garden at the back of the farmhouse.

Phil ran after her, brandishing his torch in the wildest manner, as he cried:

"The crazy old hag has set the house on fire, and I'll knock spots out of her for it."

The old woman had just gained the garden fence when Captain Darling's voice was heard, and several of the dragoons then sprang to intercept her and the escaping prisoner.

Moll Pitcher let fly at them with the burning brand and sprang over the fence, yelling:

"What fine fun I had with the sogers, and hurrah for the Yankee lads."

Phil was only a few steps behind at the moment, but three of the dragoons were springing at him with their swords, while Captain Darling cried aloud:

"Don't strike the prisoner, but secure him."

The daring youth let fly to the right and to the left with the burning brand, and down went two of the dragoons.

Then out went the lad's right foot, and down went the third who opposed his way, while he sprang lightly over the fence, crying:

"Hurrah for the Yankees every time. and death to the English!"

Down the garden path dashed the old woman, with Phil close at her heels, while Captain Darling cried:

"Some of you pursue the prisoner, but don't fire at him. Mount and get ready, and we will ride down the road to cut them off, as they are making for the rebel camp."

Before Moll Pitcher and her boy reached the foot of the garden over a dozen men sprang up to their rescue, their leader crying:

"Give one volley to the redcoats, and then mount and away!"

The speaker was Captain Hardy, and the men under him sent a volley at the dragoons who were pursuing Moll Pitcher and her son.

In less than a minute after the brave woman and her boy were mounted on good horses and dashing along through a field with about twenty picked horsemen belonging to the young soldier's troop.

"Did you see my boy fight the dragoons with one hand at all," cried Moll Pitcher, addressing Captain Hardy.

"Yes, I did; and I tell you again that he is just as brave as his mother, and that is saying a good deal. Close ranks, boys, as we have to cross the road down here, and the English are riding to intercept us. We must cut our way through them, if necessary."

"We'll cut our way through their whole army to-night," responded Moll Pitcher, "as I must get back with my boy to his poor father's wake."

CHAPTER IV.

MOLL STRIKES FOR HER BOY AGAIN.

Captain Hardy and his men, under the guidance of the spy, had to make a detour around the English camp in order to reach the old farmhouse.

On gaining that point the Americans perceived that the English were making a silent retreat under the cover of the night.

General Washington meant to attack the enemy in the morning and win a victory that would make Monmouth more famous in history, but the English general concluded that retreat was his safest policy.

On perceiving that retreat in operation, Captain Hardy and the scout were most anxious to return to the American camp with the information, but they must also rescue Moll Pitcher's boy, as that devoted woman feared that Phil would be taken away as a prisoner.

Having succeeded in rescuing the young soldier, through Moll's bold movement, Captain Hardy decided to strike for the American camp in the most direct line.

While Moll was operating the farmhouse, Randy, the spy, was prowling around close at hand and watching the movements of the retreating English.

The keen spy perceived that the English infantry and artillery were well on the move, and that their horsemen were forming to march in the rear.

By hastening back with all speed, the active man argued, Washington would still have time to send his cavalry forward to harass the enemy in their retreat.

And thus it was that Captain Hardy pushed his men toward the old road.

Captain Darling, on the English side, was fearfully enraged over the rescue of the young prisoner, and he was resolved on retaking him at all hazards.

The Englishman was a brave man and a good soldier, and he had his troopers under excellent discipline, while they were all smarting over the bold trick that had been played on them by the old woman and her friends.

The horses stood ready, and into the saddles sprang the eager troopers, while out rang the captain's voice, saying:

"Charge down the road on the double-quick and cut off the Yankee rascals."

Fully fifty horsemen charged down with him, all yelling like so many madmen.

By the time the road was well cleared of the retreating foot soldiers, while the main body of the English horses moved along well in the rear so as to guard the baggage wagons in case of hasty pursuit on Washington's part.

The Americans had the start in the race for the crossing point, but the English had the inside track as well as the straight road.

Captain Hardy and the scout rode in advance of their party, with Moll Pitcher and her boy close behind them.

The brave woman rode on a side-saddle, holding the bridle with her left hand, and having a cavalry sword in the other.

Phil Pitcher had received a sword and a pistol on mounting, while his mother laughingly said to him:

"My dear boy, you can use your teeth on the bridle if you have to ply the sword in cutting through the English."

"The good horse will charge with the others, mother, and I will use my sword," was Phil's cheerful answer.

Captain Hardy was very anxious to push through the English lines without encountering the enemy, as it was all important for him to reach the American camp with the important news as soon as possible.

On reaching a certain point, however, he perceived Captain Darling's troop dashing along to intercept them, and he turned to the intrepid scout, saying:

"We must have a skirmish for it, Randy."

"It 'pears like it, captain, but they ain't only about two to one against us, and we'll have at them in the centre, I suppose."

"That's the play. Close up in two columns, boys, and you drop in between, good woman."

"Not a drop will I fall back," answered Moll. "Stick to me side, my boy, and you'll see how I'll strike for you, if you can't manage with the one hand."

"No fear of that, mother; but you had better fall behind."

"One of my name never fell behind yet in charging on the English. Heaven be the poor sergeant's bed to-night, and how he would glory in this work before us!"

The English had gained the point of the wood for which the Americans were making, and the latter were not more than half a field away at the time.

Captain Darling was most anxious to retake the young prisoner alive, but as he drew up his men he sang out to them:

"We have the rascals now, and we will receive them with the cold steel. Spare the young prisoner and the old hag, but cut the others down to a man!"

Moll Pitcher heard the order, and she yelled aloud:

"Don't spare me if ye can, ye villains, as I am the girl that laid some of ye low to-day with the big gun."

"Close ranks, and at them with the swords, boys!" cried Captain Hardy. "Washington and liberty is our battle cry!"

"Washington and liberty!" yelled the Americans, as they rushed down on their foes.

Over a small, stone fence leaped the good Virginia horses, and then right at the English troopers went their riders, Captain Hardy crying:

"Burst through the centre, brave Virginians, and then wheel and fire!"

"Down with the Yankee rebels!" cried Captain Darling, "and strike for King George and Merry England to the death!"

Wild shouts burst out on both sides as they closed in mortal strife, while high above the din Moll Pitcher could be heard, as she cried:

"I strike for my dear boy and the good man I lost to-day!"

And Moll did strike with a vengeance as two of the English troopers went down under her strong arms as they attempted to disarm and seize her.

Captain Darling was a cool fighter, and he kept his eye well around him during the heat of the struggle, in search of the wounded youth who interested him so much.

Phil Pitcher was foremost in the struggle, and down went a tall dragoon who attempted to stay his progress, as he cried:

"That helps to avenge my father!"

Captain Darling heard this cry, and he made at Moll Pitcher's boy as he yelled to his troopers fighting around him:

"Secure the young prisoner and rally around me, brave English! Here come some of our friends to aid us in slaying the Yankees."

A trumpet blast sounded at the moment from down the road.

The Americans had cut their way through tthe English with very slight loss, and they were dashing over the stone wall on the other side of the road when Phil Pitcher's horse stumbled and fell, flinging the half-helpless lad into the ditch.

Moll Pitcher's horse had just cleared the leap and he was dashing on with the others when Captain Hardy turned in his saddle, crying:

"Give them one volley with the pistols and then away!"

The Virginians responded with a rattling volley at their foes, and then galloped away at full speed, across the fields, Moll Pitcher crying:

"We gave it to 'em that time, my boy, and—murder in Irish, where is my boy at all? Phil—Phil! Answer me!"

The brave woman had not missed the wounded youth up to that moment. and fearful was her anguish at not receiving an answer, while Captain Hardy drew her aside, crying:

"We must retreat now, as fresh troopers dash along in force. Don't be rash, woman, as they will hang you if taken."

Moll was striving to pull up her horse in order to return on the foes in search of her son, when Captain Hardy struck the animal on the back with his sword and sent him flying forward, as he kept crying:

"We must on to the camp. Look back and see tha they are twenty to one against us now, and here they come in pursuit. On, for your life, and we will save your boy yet!"

The distracted woman was thus compelled to save her own life by flight, yet she roared out in anguish:

"My boy, my boy! To be killed or taken again after that brave fight for him!"

Fully two hundred English troopers dashed along through the field in pursuit of the Americans, firing their pistols as they rode, while their leader shouted:

"Bear down on the rascals before they can reach the Yankee camp! Cut them to pieces to a man! Spur the horses to death, but cut off the infernal Yankees!"

The "infernal Yankees" only laughed at the threat, as their fast Virginia horses bore them away with comparative ease.

It would be difficult to portray Moll Pitcher's anguish that night as she rode to her tent, but the gallant Captain Hardy consoled her by saying:

" My good woman, Washington is certain to send out in pursuit of the English, and I will be in the front rank."

"Heaven send that my boy is alive," answered Moll, "and then I will be after him soon again, you may be sure."

"Randy Marvin has started back to dog the enemy and he will soon have news of your boy, who must have been taken prisoner, as you heard what the English captain said."

"To be sure I did, and I know what the villain is up to too well."

"Then have a little patience and we will rescue the lad."

"Sure I want patience now, and I must have it; but do you know what I mean to do, good Captain Hardy?"

"What is that?"

"I'm going to put on a suit of my husband's and ride with you again."

"If you must, come along, and I will give you a fresh horse."

And it was thus settled that Moll Pitcher should ride out in quest of her boy again.

That brave youth was insensible when the English troopers raised him from the ditch where he had fallen.

Captain Darling sprang from his horse and bent over the prisoner, as he cried:

"I trust in fortune he is not dead!"

"He's only stunned," answered one of the troopers, "as I can feel his heart beating."

"Then bear him along to the farmhouse as gently as pos-

sible. I would sooner lose my right hand than to see him dead."

The troopers bore the youth along the road, while one of them remarked:

"Dang my buttons, if the captain is not as careful about the blasted Yankee as if he was a pretty lady in disguise."

CHAPTER V.

THE SCOUT AND THE TORY.

There was another person in the neighborhood that night who was very much interested in the wounded youth.

We allude to the young girl at the farmhouse, whose name was Edith Grimes.

Edith's father was one of the most bitter Tories in Jersey, and he had made an infamous name for himself by hunting down the patriots.

The young girl, on the other hand, was true to her country, and she assisted the Americans whenever it was in her power.

While the English held New Jersey, Cap'ain Gideon Grimes, as the Tory leader was called, robbed and maltreated his patriotic neighbors in a fearful manner, and he had enriched himself with the spoils thus obtained.

He had a band of about thirty rascals under him, each and all of whom were ever ready to commit crimes that deserved punishment by death at the hands of the patriots.

When Moll Pitcher and her boy dashed out of the farmhouse that night, with the burning logs, Edith Grimes watched them as they retreated through the garden, clasping her hands in agitation as she muttered:

"Oh, I do so hope that the poor young fellow will get away all safe!"

She then stood at the front door watching the English troopers riding away in pursuit, when a rough voice from the kitchen fell on her ear, crying:

"Where are you, gal, and I a-wanting you so thundering bad?"

Edith ran back into the kitchen, crying:

"Here I am, father!"

That father was a tall, powerful man, still in the prime of life, who had the word "brute" stamped on his face from chin to forehead.

His face was then covered with a rough, brown beard; he was dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer, save that he wore a belt in which a sword and a brace of pistols appeared.

Flinging a couple of heavy bags on the table the Tory captain glared at his daughter as he demanded, in rough tones:

"Did you pack up, as I told you, and be ready for the road?"

The young girl stared at the man in a frightened manner as she stammered forth:

"Dear me, father, you didn't mean for me to go to New York with you and leave mother so sick here?"

"Hang your mother! You can bet I meant it! Pack up at once and be quick about it, as the wagons will start right off."

"But who'll tend to mother?"

"Let her rebel neighbors tend to her. The great George Washington is marching along with his army, and you can't stay here."

"But, father, she is——"

"Pack up, I say, and don't give me any of your sass, or I'll give you a blamed good licking! Thunderation, is that the Yankees on us?"

The sounds of the conflict were borne along at the moment and the Tory darted out of the back door, yelling:

"You fellows out there, hitch the horses to the wagons right smart, and one of you ride down the road to see what that fighting means!"

Gideon Grimes listened at the door for a few moments, and he then returned to the kitchen, crying:

"You blamed gal, ain't you set about getting your things ready yet? Here come the Yankees now, and we must get!"

"It is only a fight between a small party of patriot horsemen and the troopers who were quartered here, sir, and we have time enough; but you will not take me from poor mother?"

"You'd better do as I say—that's all."

The man seized the girl by the arm as he spoke and shook her in a fierce manner, while he continued, in hissing tones:

"I tell you you must come with me, as I have a game to work in New York that you must help me in. You noticed that English captain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he's rich and the son of a lord. I've made a pile, lately, and I'm going to take the gold and other booty to New York with us. What would you say to marrying that English captain, gal?"

"I wouldn't like it a bit."

"You git out! You'd be a great lady over in England; and you can bet I'll work it, as I hold a secret of his."

"But I don't want to leave mother."

"Darn your mother. By the way, did you see your Uncle Randy Marvin hanging around here this evening?"

"I did not."

"Well, he was. I only wish I got my hands on the tarnal spy again and I'd roast him alive! Get ready, quick, or I'll knock thunder out of you!"

While thus threatening, the rough brute flung the young girl away from him and then hastened out into the yard to push on with the retreat.

Edith hastened upstairs to her sick mother, who was then watched over by a rough, country girl named Sally Friend, whose father was serving with the patriots.

Sally was about eighteen; she was as ugly as a Hessian, as strong as a three-year-old colt, and fully as wild and as vicious.

This cunning girl was a spy on the household and on the neighboring patriots, working in the interest of the Tory leader against her father's friends, and she hated Edith Grimes.

Edith whispered some words to her mother that could not be overheard by the female spy, and Mrs. Grimes answered aloud, saying:

"It is your duty to go with your father, and Sally, there, will tend to me."

Loud voices were soon heard below, and then the Tory leader cried out:

"Are you ready yet, gal?"

Edith embraced her mother and then hastened downstairs with a small bundle, as she replied:

"I am ready."

On reaching the kitchen the young girl started back in surprise on seeing Phil Pitcher seated on a chair, with her father and Captain Darling standing before him.

The young patriot looked at Edith for a moment, and he then spoke to Captain Darling in manly tones, saying:

"I am in your power, but I bet my friends will rescue me again very soon."

"I trust not, for your own sake, as better fortunes will be yours—in the service of your king."

"Your king is not my king, and I will live and die a rebel!"

"We'll see about that. Who was that old woman who came here after you?"

"That was my mother, the brave woman who took my dead father's place at his gun to-day. Do you think you can make a Tory of the son of such a woman?"

Captain Darling did not answer the question, but he drew Gideon Grimes aside and conversed with him in very subdued tones.

As the English scout in the rear reported that Washington was not putting his army in motion to pursue them, Captain Darling and the Tory captain did not hasten their movements.

Edith soon approached Phil Pitcher and addressed him in gentle tones, saying:

"I'm so sorry you didn't escape, stranger."

Phil felt the sympathetic eyes on him, and he responded, in wistful tones, but so low that the others could not overhear him:

"I may do so yet if you will help me."

"How can I do that?"

"I understand that you are going to New York with your father?"

"So I am."

"You are going to ride in the same wagon with me, your father says."

"Well, and if I am?"

"Haven't you an uncle named Randy Marvin?"

"I have, and he is a good man. He is mother's brother, and he was hounded almost to death here because he is on the right side."

"Then I want to tell you that Randy Marvin ism y good

friend. He was here to-night to rescue me, and I am certain he will come back to try it on again."

"I hope not, as father, there, has sworn to put him to death."

"Randy doesn't care for——"

"What is that jawing about?" cried Captain Grimes, as he advanced to interrupt the young folks. "Get out into the wagon, gal! Young fellow, you get into the same wagon, and you'll be all-fired smart if you escape from Gideon Grimes!"

Four country wagons were soon rolling along the road, surrounded by the Tory band.

Captain Darling rode on ahead with his men, while another party of dragoons brought up the rear.

The wagons were loaded with spoils secured by Captain Grimes and his band.

During the night Phil made one bold attempt at escaping, but the Tory captain was on the alert, and the brave young fellow was dragged back to the wagon again, Grimes crying:

"We will tie your legs now, youngster, and then try it on again."

Phil did not try it on again that night, but he was not subdued.

The wagons traveled on slowly in the rear of the English army, the scouts still reporting that Washington was not in pursuit.

On the following evening, while the Tories were resting near a small village on the road to New York Sally Friend rode in among them.

After the treacherous girl told Edith that her mother was in good hands, Captain Grimes drew her aside and eagerly inquired:

"Did you work it, Sally?"

"I came blame near doing it, but that tarnal Randy Marvin sneaked to the house as it was blazing and dragged your ole woman out of the flames."

Gideon Grimes groaned, and then swore fearfully at the patriot spy, while he inquired:

"Did he suspect you?"

"I think not, as I pretended to the old woman that I was away for brandy when the fire broke out."

"Then why did you come on after me until you tried it on again?"

"I come on to tell you that Randy is sneaking on here after you, as he is dead bent on rescuing that young rebel there in the wagon."

"Thunder he is! Well, let him come and I'll make it hot for him. Did you strike him on the road here?"

"Nary a strike, as he's too smart to take the public way I rode."

"What excuse did you give the old woman—blame her—for coming on?"

"I said as how you took my money away, and I was bound to have it."

"You're a smart one, Sall. Now, you get back in the morning and fix the old woman with a dose I'll give you; then come to New York and stick to Edith till our game is played, and then I'll make you Mrs. Grimes."

The ugly girl grasped the Tory's hand and pressed it warmly, as she replied:

"That's a go, Gideon; but if you back out I'll be all-fired down on you!"

"Nary a back out in me, ole gal."

"Then look out for Randy Marvin, as I tell you he's a smart one."

"I know it; but I'll fix the skunk if he ventures here. Go, and be soft to Edith now, and keep your eye on the young prisoner, as he is our best card in the big game."

The Tory captain was very much troubled about the news he had received.

He hated his brother-in-law intensely, and he had reason to fear the brave spy as well.

They had been sworn enemies for years as Randy was down on Gideon Grimes on account of the manner in which the rascal treated his wife, while the Tory responded by driving the patriot from his home when the war broke out.

Feeling uneasy that night, Gideon examined his pistols carefully and stole out of the camp, muttering to himself:

"Randy is good on the sneak game, and I'll just keep on the lookout for him."

The Tory was stealing along through a wood near a side road, when he heard a merry voice singing a negro melody, and he paused to listen as he said to himself:

"That's a nigger, and I'll just see if he saw anything of the skunk hanging around."

The Tory then sprang out on the road and confronted an old negro, crying:

"What are you doing out so late, you black thief?"

The old negro drew back in evident alarm, and then answered, in very humble tones:

"Beg pardon, massa; dis ole coon am only agowan down to de camp."

That old negro was no other than the dreaded patriot spy, and it remains to be seen if his mortal enemy would recognize him.

CHAPTER VI

MOLL PITCHER AFTER HER BOY AGAIN.

There were slaves in New Jersey at the time of the Revolution, and the negroes in general were kept in subjection.

Gideon Grimes was a natural tyrant, and he believed in treating most men in a rough manner, out of mere wickedness.

Something in the voice or the manner of the pretended negro before him raised his ire, and he sprang forward and seized him by the throat, crying:

'You tarnal old black imp, I believe you are playing the spy on us, and you'll come right down to the camp with me."

The old fellow made a slight resistance at first, thinking that his disguise had been penetrated, but he soon became as humble as before, and he left himself pliant in the hands of the rough Tory, as he mentally said:

"What a chance this would be for killing the snake; but it wouldn't serve my purpose at present."

When Gideon Grimes found that the old negro went quietly along with him his manner changed and he stopped on the road as he said to the old fellow:

"See here, old coon, where do you come from?"

"From up the road dar, massa, as I libes wid ole Massa Jobson."

"Did you see any stranger hanging around here to-night?"

Before the question could be answered an active form sprang out from the edge of the wood and a voice exclaimed:

"Bad luck to you, ye ugly villain, and take that for abusing the old man!"

The speaker struck at Gideon Grimes while thus declaiming, and stretched him on the ground.

The weapon used was a heavy, hickory stick, and the person using it had all the appearance of a rough Irishman of middle age.

The blow given was a very heavy one, and it stunned the Tory leader for the time.

The disguised spy bent over him on the instant, drawing a strong cord from his pocket at the same time as he quietly remarked:

'That wasn't just the game, Moll, but we'll make it work now that we got him."

The disguised woman, who was no other than Moll Pitcher, stared down at the insensible man, holding her stick ready to give him another crack, as she replied:

"On my faith, but I thought he had the best of you. And who is he at all?"

"Gideon Grimes, the infernal villain I told you about."

"Blood and thunder, I am sorry I didn't give him a harder welt while I was about it; and stand back and I'll give it to him now!"

"No, no; never strike a man when he is down. Help me to get him into the wood here."

"Who would strike a man when he is down? And don't you be calling him a man from what you told me yourself!"

'He is a bad man, but it doesn't serve us to kill him at present."

While they were thus speaking, Moll Pitcher and her friend were dragging the Tory into the wood, the spy having secured his weapon.

When Gideon Grimes recovered his senses again he found himself tied to a tree and with a gag in his month.

Not a living being appeared near him, and he was so tightly bound that he could scarcely turn his head around, while it was impossible for him to utter a word.

"Snakes alive!" he said to himself, "this must be Randy Marvin's work. He must have tackled me while I was fooling

with that old nigger. But where in thunder can he have gone to, and what can be his game?"

The stout Tory captain trembled a good deal, as he knew that if in the power of his brother-in-law he could not expect any mercy.

About that same time the pretended old negro strolled carelessly into the Tory camp, which was situated on the outskirts of the regular encampment.

Phil Pitcher was reclining in one of the wagons, surrounded by four of his Tory guards, and his legs were tied together with strong cord, one end of which was held by a rough-looking Tory.

Edith Grimes was standing at the side of the wagon giving the young prisoner a drink of water as she said to him:

"I spoke to father, and he says he will be easier on you if you give me your word of honor not to try to escape again."

"I won't do anything of the kind," answered the young prisoner in loud tones.

"What in thunder are you doing around here, old nigger?" cried one of the guards as the disguised spy approached the wagon.

"I'se doing nuffin', massa," answered Randy Marvin.

Phil Pitcher started on hearing the voice as he recognized the tones on the instant, and he stared at the old darky while drinking the water as he said to himself:

"I knew Randy wouldn't forget me, and I'll bet mother ain't far off either."

The old negro moved around the camp, staring at the Tories in their wagons as if he had never seen a camp of the kind before, while he muttered aloud:

"Sakes alibe, ef dem ain't rippin' hosses an' no mistakes!"

"Clear out of here, you old nigger!" cried one of the Tories as he flung the spy aside in a very rude manner.

"Sartin', massa, I'se a-gowan this berry minute, only I'se got some good rum."

"Then let us taste it."

The old darky drew a black bottle from his pocket and handed it to the Tory.

The man raised the bottle to his lips and drank the contents, when a loud voice fell on their ears, crying:

"Where's the captain, at all, as I want to see him to 'list for a soger?"

When Phil Pitcher heard that voice his heart bounded to his mouth and he mentally exclaimed:

"Dear mother! And how could she be so foolish as to risk so much for me!"

The entrance of the Irishman withdrew attention from the old negro, who was handing the bottle around to the other Tories guarding the wagon.

Edith Grimes still stood near the young prisoner, handing him a piece of bread as she quietly remarked:

"That man's voice sounds like your mother's, but I suppose I think so on account of the brogue."

Phil could only use one hand, and he grasped the girl's with it as he whispered to her:

"It is my mother. If you are my friend, now, give them a hand when they set to work."

"And who is the black fellow?"

"That is your Uncle Randy."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the young girl, in suppressed tones, as she stared at the old negro, "to think that he should come here in that shape, and father around!"

Two of the Tories were quizzing the Irishman, and the black bottle was still passing around among the others, when Gideon Grimes sprang suddenly in among them and seized a gun from the hands of one of the guards, to present it at the disguised spy as he roared out:

"Hands up, you tarnal rebel, as I've got you dead to rights now!"

"What am de matter, massa?" inquired the old negro, in apparent astonishment, as he glared at the rough Tory, drawing back a step or two.

"Now is the time to cut the cords on my legs!" whispered Phil Pitcher to the young girl.

While thus speaking, and while the attention of the guards were directed to the pretended old nigger and their captain, the patriotic girl cut the cord that secured the young fellow's legs.

Phil slipped out of the wagon on the instant that the Tory captain was addressing the spy and crying:

"I have got you fast now, you skunk! Fellers, that old nigger is Randy Marvin. Grab him while I keep the gun at him, and he is a dead coon if he offers to raise a hand!"

The spy did not offer to raise a hand in his own behalf, but some one else did.

Moll Pitcher had an eye on her boy in the wagon, and on the daring spy as well.

She then sprang at the Tory leader and struck the weapon with her stick, dealing him another blow on the head as quick as lightning, as she cried:

"Now for it, my brave boys!"

Separating themselves from the troopers by fierce fighting, Moll Pitcher, her boy, Ranely and Edith, who cast her lot with our friends, seized four of the extra horses the troopers had with them and made a dash into the woods at the side of the road. The troopers immediately gave pursuit. Suddenly the horse Phil rode stumbled and fell and the brave boy was again in the hands of the enemy, but Moll, Edith and Ranely escaped. The prisoner was conveyed back to the camp and given into the hands of the Tory, Grimes, with instructions to proceed as rapidly as possible towards New York. Captain Darling and part of his troopers then departed in another direction. Sally Friend started back to the Grimes farm to complete her murderous design on Gideon's wife.

Meanwhile Ranely, Edith and Moll had set out in the direction of the American camp, and when near it a man suddenly made his appearance, who turned out to be Captain Hardy in disguise. He informed them that he was on a secret mission to New York for the general, and asked Moll, Edith and Ranely to accompany him, which they did.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL BOUND FOR NEW YORK.

About daylight on the following morning the Tory captain and his men moved on through the English camp, taking the main road toward the city of New York.

Phil Pitcher was sleeping when the wagon started on the journey.

The young patriot's legs were bound as before, and his right arm was secured as well, while five of the Tories rode on around him.

Sally Friend rode in the wagon with the prisoner also.

While this wicked girl was riding out of camp on the previous night to carry out her evil mission a Tory from their old neighborhood galloped toward her, and the man gave positive information that Mrs. Grimes was dead.

Sally then rode back to Gideon Grimes and told him the news, saying:

"There is no use in my going home now, and Edith is sure to come after us soon."

"But that skunk, Randy Marvin, will be certain to be on my track now, as he has sworn to take my life when his sister died."

"That's all the more reason that I should be along with you."

"I guess you're right, so come along. Just put him out of the way, and I'll make you Mrs. Grimes when we get to New York."

"You can bet I will, if I can get a chance, and he is bound to give it to me, as he will be after the young prisoner as well as yourself."

It was then decided that Sally should watch over the young prisoner during the journey.

The Tory party traveled fast that day.

On after them, about four miles in the rear, rolled a covered farm wagon drawn by two horses, and which contained four persons.

Two of the persons in the farm wagon appeared to be a substantial old farmer and his aged wife; the third was a rough farm hand with a coarse crop of reddish hair and a beard of the same color; while the fourth had all the appearance of a green country boy paying his first visit to the city.

That pretended old man was Captain Hardy of the Virginia cavalry, who was risking death as a spy on a mission for Washington.

The old countrywoman was Moll Pitcher.

The rough farmhand was Randy Marvin, who had also heard of the death of his sister, and who was pursuing Gideon Grimes for a double purpose.

And the green boy was Edith Grimes, who had been easily prevailed on to follow her father and some one else.

The disguises and the wagon had been furnished by a patriot farmer living near the English camp, who had also

informed his friends of the departure of the Tories early in the morning.

The English army moved on in the retreat very soon after.

The English held New York City at the time, and Washington knew that it would not be wise to attack the place while the powerful fleet of the enemy commanded the harbor.

The patriot general desired to strike the enemy at another point, and hence Captain Hardy was hastening through the English lines with secret despatches destined to reach the American general operating in the East.

While the English held the city, the Americans controlled the North River from West Point, and several sharp conflicts took place in Westchester County and on the other side of the river.

Westchester County swarmed with Tories at the time, but the patriots often chased the rascals down as far as the Harlem River.

When Gideon Grimes was compelled to leave his native haunts, his eye was fixed on Westchester, as he said to himself:

"That's the spot for me to work in hereafter while the war lasts."

It also happened that Captain Darling had hired an old farmhand in Westchester, in order to carry out his plot against Moll Pitcher's boy.

Captain Hardy had received orders from General Washington to push on to the East with the despatches as soon as possible, and to then make his way back by striking across New York near West Point, where his company was to meet him.

That company was intended to operate against the English horse parties and the Tories in Westchester County, as marauding bands from that city of late had been playing the mischief with the patriot citizens along the North River.

Moll Pitcher was anxious to overtake the Tories and rescue her boy as soon as possible, but Captain Darling pushed on rapidly, and crossed over into New York City ahead of his enemies, little dreaming that they were so close behind him.

The Tory leader then pushed on up into Westchester, and took possession of the old farmhouse with his men.

Phil Pitcher was placed in a back room on the second story, which had been fitted up as a sort of prison bedroom, and Sally Friend still kept watch over him.

Four days went by in that prison retreat, and the young prisoner grew stronger each day, his wound improving at the same time.

Thinking of another escape, however, he was keen enough to pretend that he was very weak, and that he could not use his left arm at all.

The back windows of the farmhouse looked out on the North River, and Phil hoped to escape across to Jersey if he could only sever the iron bars in the room in which he was confined.

On the fifth day of their arrival in Westchester Captain Darling appeared with his troops, and the young officer at once sought an interview with the young prisoner.

The plotter then threw off the mask to a certain extent, as he said to Phil:

"The vile woman known now as Moll Pitcher is not your mother."

"I don't believe that," answered the youth in blunt tones, "as she is an honest, good woman, and she has been a kind mother to me."

"But I tell you that you were stolen from your home in Ireland when you were a little boy by that woman and her rascally husband. You are my cousin, and I came out here to rescue you, and to fight those infernal Yankees."

Phil could not quite understand the man, but he felt that he was playing some deep game of his own, and he answered:

"You are very kind, but I don't thank you, all the same. No matter who or what I am, I am an American at heart, and I will never fight against the Yankees, as you call them."

Captain Darling frowned fiercely at the answer, and then said:

"Then you will remain here as a prisoner until I am ready to go back, and you must go back with me, as I am your lawful guardian. If you attempt to escape again, you will be put to death as a rebel."

Phil laughed to himself at the threat, but he was cunning enough to say:

"It isn't likely that I can escape while I am in this state."

"Then get strong as soon as you can, as I may sail for Europe with you very soon."

The last threat did alarm the lad a little, as he hated the thought of leaving the country, never to see his mother and other friends again.

While meditating over his position that evening Phil heard a familiar voice outside on the road singing an old Irish song, and his heart beat with agitation as he said to himself:

"Here's mother after me again, and they'll put her to death if she is discovered."

The musical voice was hushed at the moment, and then out sang Gideon Grimes in fierce and exultant tones, crying:

"We've got you safe this time, and you'll soon die the death of a spy."

The lad was trembling for his mother, when a manly voice addressed the Tory leader, crying:

"You've got me, Gideon Grimes, but you can't keep me; and I'll bet my life that the rope is not made that will hang me."

The speaker was Randy Marvin, who had just been seized by the Tories.

The daring spy had tracked Gideon Grimes and his young prisoner to the farmhouse, and he was prowling around disguised as a farm hand when Sally Friend noticed him.

The smart man could deceive the men of the party, but the keen-witted girl was on the alert for strangers, and she soon detected the man who had sworn to slay Gideon Grimes.

On giving a hint to the man who had promised to marry her, the leader pounced on the spy with five or six of his men, and the daring man was soon overpowered.

Moll Pitcher was not far away at the time with Edith Grimes, who was still disguised as a boy.

The heroine of Brandywine was about to walk to the assistance of her friend, when the disguised girl held her back, crying:

"Remember your boy. If you are captured and put to death who will save him? Also remember that Captain Hardy is not so very far away with his men."

"True for ye, girl, and I must take it easy; but sure they may hang up your good, brave uncle at once."

"You hasten away to find Captain Hardy and his men, and I will go to father and beg of him to spare uncle for a time."

"You are a good girl, and a brave one. If you see my boy tell him that I am not forgetting him, and away I go for Captain Hardy."

"And I go to save my uncle."

Randy Marvin was standing under a tree in the farmyard at the moment, with a strong rope around his neck.

The brave spy's arms were bound behind his back, and two of the Tories held an end of the rope, while their leader cried:

"We'll make short work of you now, you rebel skunk."

The spy-scout glared back at his enemy, as he defiantly cried:

"I will live to see you strung up yet, Gideon Grimes, as I know that you are a robber and a murderer."

"String up the skunk and choke the lie in his throat."

The two willing hands were pulling on the end of the rope, and the spy was lifted from his feet, when a boyish form darted into the yard and sprang toward the Tory leader to tear the sword from his hand, crying:

"This is a shame, and I won't stand it."

Then up toward the rope the boyish figure sprang and severed it in two with one sweep of the weapon, crying:

"That would be murder, and I won't have it if you kill me!"

Gideon Grimes sprang at the boy and presented a pistol at his head, as he cried:

"You tarnal rebel, who are you that dares to interfere with me?"

The disguised girl faced her father with flashing eyes, as she cried:

"I am your own daughter, but I'm not a bit proud of you. That's right, uncle, go as quick as you can!"

The active spy had taken advantage of the diversion, as he had kicked aside the Tories who held him, and darted away toward the river, with his arms still bound behind him.

Gideon Grimes flung his daughter aside with a fierce imprecation, and sprang after his enemy, crying:

"After him, men, and some of you grab that infernal gal!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MOLL HELPS A FRIEND.

Phil Pitcher witnessed the exciting scenes thus described, as he was peering out through the bars of his prison window.

A shout of exultation burst from the youth as he saw the brave spy dashing toward the river, and he exclaimed:

"That's a splendid girl, if she is a Tory's daughter, and I'll never forget her for saving Randy's life."

The Tory captain had his prisoner dragged to the rear of the farmhouse, as he feared interruption on the part of Captain Darling or some of his men.

The English officer was away with his troop at the time, but they were expected back at any moment, and Gideon Grimes feared that they might delay the execution to give the spy a trial.

Phil Pitcher watched the pursuit of the spy with breathless interest, but he did not forget the brave girl.

One of the Tories attempted to seize Edith, when Sally sprang out from the house and pushed the fellow aside, saying:

"Come into the house with me; and what makes you dress like a boy?"

Edith was prepared for the treacherous girl, and she answered:

"It was safer for me to travel here in this rig than in my own."

"Do you know that your mother is dead?"

"I do."

"Did you travel here with your uncle?"

"I did not."

Sally knew that the young girl was not telling the truth, but she did not pretend as much, and she continued her inquiries:

"Who did you come here with, then?"

"I came alone. Oh, I do hope that father will not kill uncle."

Several shots were heard in the direction of the river at that moment.

Edith made a movement toward breaking away from Sally, but the strong girl dragged her into the house, saying:

"Your uncle must take his chances when he fights against any spies of your father, who is a good man and my husband."

"My father your husband, when mother is not cold in her grave?"

"What of that? You be civil to me, Edith, and I will be your true friend. Would you like to see the young prisoner now, while they are busy hunting your uncle?"

The disguised girl colored to the eyes, and she promptly answered:

"Yes, I would like to see the young man, as I have a message from his mother."

"Where is she?"

"Away in the American camp."

"I want to tell you that the woman who fought at Monmouth is not his mother, and that he will be a rich young man when he comes of age. You stand to me, and I will help you win his love. Come and see him now."

"Not in these clothes."

"Yes, you must, as you have no time to change them now."

Phil Pitcher was still standing at the window, looking down toward the river, when the prison door was opened, and the disguised girl was pushed into the room by her pretended stepmother.

The young fellow started, and then hastened to clasp Edith's hand, as he whispered:

"Is dear mother safe?"

Edith hastened to tell about his mother, speaking in cautious tones, as they both feared that Sally was listening outside the strong door.

Phil shook his head on hearing of his mother's hastening away in search of Captain Hardy, and said:

"I know mother better. When she hears those shots she will move down to the river to help Randy. Oh, if I could only cut one of the bars on that window and get out!"

Edith drew a small file from her pocket, and put it into the young man's hand, as she remarked:

"Uncle Randy saw the bars on the window, and he guessed you were in here. Don't trust Sally Friend, but get to work as soon as you can. I see father has two of his men outside the door."

"Yes; but I will get out by the window now, and you must come with me."

Sally opened the door at that moment, as she slyly remarked:

"That's long enough for this time, young folks, and my old man may soon be back."

"Let me know about your Uncle Randy right off," pleaded Phil, as Edith left with Sally.

"I will if I can."

When the brave spy dashed down toward the river he had hopes of bursting the cords on his arms in his flight.

They were too strong, however, and he did not care to plunge into the water while thus encumbered.

The active man was as fleet as a race horse, yet those after him could run well also.

The spy did gain on his pursuers before reaching the bank of the river, and he then wheeled to the right, and dashed along the path, Gideon Grimes pretty close behind him, the latter yelling:

"Fire a volley after the rebel and bring him down at once."

The pursuers sent several pistol shots after the fugitive, but they did not appear to hit him, as he kept on at full speed. Moll Pitcher heard the shots and the cries as she was hastening along the road, and the brave woman turned toward the river on the instant, muttering aloud:

"That's Randy getting away from the villains, and I'll try to give him a helping hand."

The spy was still flying along when he saw Moll trying to intercept him, and he darted toward her, crying:

"Stranger, give me a hand and cut these cords if you don't want to see a man murdered."

Moll took the hint, and she darted at her friend, saying:

"What is the matter with your arms, poor man?"

Moll did cut the cords on the double quick, while Gideon Grimes yelled out:

"Stop that, ole woman, or you'll get yourself into trouble."

Moll darted along beside the spy, as she said to him:

"I suppose it is best for me to play shady with the rascals?"

"That's the game. Keep by me now, and we will soon give them the slip."

Moll Pitcher could run as fast as most men, and she was fresh at the time.

Gathering her skirts up a little, away she flew with her friend, yelling aloud:

"The robbers! The robbers! And who will save us from them?"

Captain Darling was riding back to the farmhouse with his troop when he heard the yells of the woman, and he faced his men toward the fugitives, saying:

"What's wrong here?"

"The robbers are after us!" yelled Moll, as she dashed through the troopers with her friend. "Kill the villains, good soldiers."

The troopers made way for the terrified pair, who darted into the wood beyond.

Then upon the scene rushed Gideon Grimes and his men, the former panting for breath, as he gasped forth:

"That's the tarnal spy, Randy Marvin, captain, and I think it is Moll Pitcher with him."

CHAPTER IX.

HE WORKS FOR HIS MOTHER.

Phil Pitcher was terribly troubled about his mother, as he felt that the devoted woman would run into any danger on his account, or to assist a true friend.

Edith had scarcely left the prison room when the young fellow set to work on one of the iron bars of the window as he said to himself:

"That's a dear, good girl, but I am more worried about mother now. Here's to work for freedom before the rascals return!"

Phil did work with a good heart, and with hands that were almost as useful as ever.

"It was growing quite dark, and the small file cut into the iron bar without making much noise, while the young prisoner kept singing aloud the while.

Those on guard outside the room noticed the singing, and one of the Tories said to the other:

"The captain's gal cheered up the young rebel, but her father will give her fits, if I don't mistake, as she is in with the enemy."

"There's no accounting for what gals do," answered the other; "and I don't trust the captain's new wife, either."

"But is she his wife?"

"She says she is, but I ain't heard him own up yet."

"And you won't, either, as the captain is not such a fool as to marry that ugly thing."

The guards kept on discussing about Sally, and Phil worked like a beaver.

The bar was nearly severed when he heard the tramping of horses in the front yard, and then a loud voice fell on his ear, crying:

"Ye murdering English villains, I come here to see my boy, and I dare you to hang me! If you do, General Washington will string up a dozen of redcoats for me."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Phil, as he recognized his mother's voice, "that is mother, and now I must work for her!"

Moll Pitcher had been captured by the English horsemen, while Randy Marvin escaped in the wood.

Phil Pitcher had commenced to think that there was something mysterious about his birth and early life on account of the words uttered by Captain Darling, but the loving lad could not think ill of Moll Pitcher, and he was resolved to look upon her as his mother to the end.

Moll was dragged into the farmhouse by two of the troopers.

Her arms were well secured, but they could not stop her tongue, although Captain Darling threatened to hang her on the nearest tree as a spy in disguise.

That young officer appeared to be highly delighted at the capture of the brave woman, and so was Gideon Grimes.

They both hated her on account of her bravery in battle and for personal reasons as well.

The English officer had been looking for the woman for more than a year, and her action at the Battle of Monmouth had brought her to his notice, although he had been on her track before then.

The Tory captain hated the woman because she fought on the right side, as well as for daring to attack him in his own camp.

All the Tories and troopers were delighted to know that the famous heroine was in their power, and they fully expected to see her dangling from a tree that night.

Moll Pitcher had an object in speaking so loud while being dragged into the house, as she wished to let her boy know that she was in trouble.

She was at once dragged into a private apartment, where she was confronted by Captain Darling, who had a stern expression on his handsome countenance.

There was a gleam of triumph in the young officer's eyes as he stood before the woman and addressed her in cold tones, saying:

"And so you are the woman now known as Moll Pitcher?"

Moll glared back at the young man in the most scrutinizing manner, as she said to herself:

"He does look like his father very much, and they are both born villains. He won't get much out of me, though he may string me up."

Speaking aloud, Moll said:

"Yes, Moll Pitcher is my name, and I am not ashamed of it, either."

"You had another name in years gone by?"

"To be sure I had, for I was a young girl once, and I had my maiden name."

"But your late husband had another name."

"Who told you that?"

"I know it and I know you. I also know that the young man who was my prisoner is not your son."

Moll bridled up on the instant, and answered in very angry tones, crying:

"That's a lie for you, if you mean Phil Pitcher, the brave boy who fights in the Virginia cavalry when he is able to do it!"

A grim smile passed over Captain Darling's face, and he responded, saying:

"There is no use in beating about the bush, so let us come to terms at once. I know who you are, and I think you know me also."

"If I did know you, I don't think I would know much good of you, judging by your looks; but what business do you want to settle with me now?"

"You know that you are arrested as a spy, and that you are to be put to death."

"Not before I have a fair trial."

"You were caught in disguise inside our lines, and that is cause enough to treat you as a spy."

Moll was well posted on the rules of war and on the locality as well, and she answered:

"What do you call your lines?"

"The spot we are now standing on takes in the English lines."

"If you knew as much about the country as I do you would know that the place around here is what the army men call neutral ground. Sometimes one side hold it with a troop like yourself and sometimes the other. Bad cess to me, if you may not be rattled out of here by some of the brave lads on our side before an hour is over your head."

The English officer knew that Moll spoke the truth, as Westchester was for years regarded as neutral grounds by the Americans and the English.

He desired to frighten the woman, however, for an object of his own, and he said:

"You were spying on us here in disguise, and that is death for any man or woman caught in the act."

"Well, then, give me a fair trial before a court of officers, and that's all I ask; but don't let those Tories try me, bad cess to them!"

"The Tories will try you and hang you, too!" said Gideon Grimes as he stepped into the room, carefully closing the door after him.

Moll Pitcher cast a scornful glance at the Tory leader and then grinned defiantly at him as she replied:

"I know the likes of you would like to hang the likes of me, but it is you who will suffer in the long run by your treachery to your country and your kind."

Gideon Grimes raised his hand in a threatening manner and scowled fiercely at the brave woman, but Captain Darling interposed, saying:

"Be quiet for the present, as I have something serious to say to this woman."

"What is it, then?" asked Moll.

"It is about the young man you call your son."

"What of him, then?"

"You know that he is a prisoner here in my power."

"To be sure I do, or I wouldn't be here to see him."

"I want to tell you that I will release him and yourself also on one condition."

While thus speaking Captain Darling cast a warning glance at Gideon Grimes as if he meant to say:

"Don't you interfere, as I have no notion of doing what I say."

Moll was on the alert at the proposition, and she at once inquired:

"What condition do you mean?"

"You think a great deal of the boy, I presume?"

"Why shouldn't I, as he is the apple of my eye?"

"And you wouldn't care to see him put to death?"

"I'd like to see the one who would dare put him to death for you can't say that he is a spy, whatever I may be."

"He is in our power at present, and so are you, but I make you a fair offer, woman."

"What is that offer?"

"Tell us honestly who he is, and the name of his parents, and we will release you both."

Moll knew that the young scoundrel was trying to draw her out, but she pretended to entertain the proposition, and she answered:

"I'd do a good deal to save my boy and myself also, but I'd like to have a talk with him first, and in secret, mind you."

Captain Darling nodded as if he had gained a great point, and then turned and conversed with the Tory captain in subdued tones.

Gideon Grimes then left the room, saying:

"I will bring the young fellow here."

Captain Darling closed the door after the Tory, and addressed Moll in cautious tones, saying:

"See here, my good woman, you might as well admit at once who you are and all about your adopted son, as I can hang you upon more charges than one."

"What can you hang me for, only that I love the country that gave us shelter?"

"I can prove that you stole the boy when he was a very little fellow, and that is a hanging matter, when we want to

make it so. If you want to save your neck, tell the whole truth before witnesses, and——"

The officer was interrupted by startling cries outside the apartment, and then Gideon Grimes rushed in, crying:

"Tarnation take it, the young imp has escaped from the room, and he is not to be found in the house."

"Escaped!" thundered Captain Darling as he sprang to the door.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" yelled Moll Pitcher. "If my brave boy has escaped, and I feel that he has, I pitch you all to the mischief now!"

Captain Darling rushed out like a madman, as he yelled to Gideon Grimes:

"See that that woman does not escape, and we will treat with her hereafter!"

The officer then called on his troopers to search the house and grounds around it, while others rode to and fro in quest of the late prisoner.

At that very moment Phil Pitcher was standing in a sheltered spot in the orchard back of the house, and Edith Grimes was beside him, saying:

"I fear that you cannot rescue your mother to-night, and I would advise you to be off now before they come out after you. Here's a weapon for you, and do take my advice."

Phil took the sword handed him by the girl, who continued, saying:

"You will find a good horse in the lane below, and be off with you!"

Phil shook his head in a stubborn manner and replied in firm tones, saying:

"My mother did not desert me in trouble, and I would be a cur to desert her. She worked for me, and now I will work for her."

Loud cries were heard in the farmhouse at the moment, and Edith pushed the young hero toward the end of the orchard, as she implored:

"For mercy's sake, fly now, and you can save your mother hereafter!"

"No, no! I know what they are up there and what they think of my mother. If I hesitate or delay she will be put to death as a spy, as I know what the Tories are too well to trust them. I will save my mother before I leave her, or I will die with her!"

CHAPTER X.

OLD FOES MEET AGAIN.

Sally Friend, as we will call her, had an object of her own in aiding in the release of the young prisoner.

The ugly girl was all powerful at the farmhouse, as the Tories there feared her, and she was just the one to use her influence with such men.

It was through that influence that a horse had been supplied for Phil Pitcher, and Edith permitted to see the young fellow in the orchard.

The Tory's good daughter was still disguised as a boy, and only a few of the men around had recognized her while she was saving her uncle from the rope.

Gideon Grimes had not seen his daughter since he returned with Moll Pitcher, and Edith, proposed to keep out of her father's way as long as possible.

The Tory leader was as anxious to secure the prisoner again as Captain Darling could be, while he little dreamt that Sally had aided in his escape.

Sally replied that she did not know what had become of Edith, and concluded by saying:

"I brought her in here and she slipped away while I was getting some supper ready for her."

The two men guarding the door where the prisoner was confined were Sally's old friends, and she knew that they would not betray her on certain points.

Gideon Grimes then continued by asking Sally:

"Did my gal see the young prisoner?"

"How could she see him, except she looked up at him while he stood at the window?"

"I don't know how it is, but I am thinking that we have traitors around here," growled the fierce man as he started out to lead some of his men in the hunt for the young fugitive.

All the fighting men at the farmhouse were wide awake that night, as it was known that a troop of patriot horsemen were in the neighborhood.

Captain Darling had heard of the troop while he was out scouting that evening, and he also learned that they were composed of patriots in the neighborhood and a detachment of Virginia cavalry.

The young English officer had encountered the Virginia horsemen at the battle of Monmouth, when they charged through his troops, and when he succeeded in first capturing Moll Pitcher's boy.

He had a desire to meet them again in battle array, as he had an old grudge against their captain.

Captain Hardy, of the Virginia cavalry, had visited England a few years before, and he there became engaged in a quarrel with Captain Darling.

They were old foes, and it was not all probable that they would become friends.

While treating with Moll Pitcher that night, and while sending his men out to hunt for the escaped prisoner, the young English officer was very careful to guard against a surprise.

He had his scouts out along the road, and watchful eyes were on the lookout against a surprise, while all his troops were ready to mount and charge at the slightest warning.

The escape of the daring scout and spy served to increase the Englishman's anxiety, as he knew that Randy Marvin and Captain Hardy were fast friends.

Edith continued to push Phil Pitcher down toward the lane, when the alarm cries were heard, and she continued her appeals to him, saying:

"I just heard to-night, from one of father's friends, that Captain Hardy was in the neighborhood. Why not hasten away to him and bring him here to rescue your mother, as I know that all the patriots think the world of her?"

The suggestion was a good one, and it had an effect on the young fellow.

He knew that it would be almost madness for him to attack his enemies single-handed, and he only thought of rescuing his mother by strategy.

All the martial fire in his soul was aroused on hearing that his friends were near, and he pressed the girl by the hand in the most tender manner as he said to her:

"That settles it, and now I will away on my horse to seek my own brave friends."

"Good-by, then, until we meet again."

"We'll meet again."

Edith followed the young man to the lane and a sigh of relief escaped from her as she saw him dash away down toward the river.

Some of the Tories were then hurrying down through the orchard, and alarm cries rang out on all sides, while the mounted troopers dashed to and fro along the roads and fields in quest of the fugitives.

Some of them soon caught sight of the young fellow as he rode along the river path, and the chase set in in right earnest, one of them crying:

"There he goes! There he goes! This way, Captain Darling, and we'll catch the rascal!"

Captain Darling stood ready to mount at the moment, and away he galloped after the others.

About six of the troopers joined in the chase, and the Tories mounted also to be ready to cut the hunted youth off in case he was driven back to the farmhouse.

Phil Pitcher was not well acquainted in the neighborhood, but he did know that the upper road led toward the American scouting parties.

When the troopers dashed down at him he faced his horse up toward the main road, trying him over one or two leaps before he said to himself:

"This is a good one, and I can trust him to cross the country in good style."

Phil reached the main road ahead of the troopers and he then let his horse out at full speed, holding a sword ready to cut his way through any of the enemy who may attempt to oppose him.

A horseman soon rode toward him and Phil could notice that he was an English trooper.

"Halt!" cried the man as Phil drew near. "Who comes there now?"

"Find out!" cried Phil as he dashed at the fellow who had drawn his horse up in the center of the road.

Captain Darling was riding after Phil at the time, and the officer yelled aloud to the trooper:

"Stop him! Stop him! but don't fire or slay him on your life!"

The trooper attempted to meet Phil's charge by striking him from his horse, but the active young fellow dashed the

sword aside, flinging the man from the saddle at the same time, as he rode on, crying:

"Thank fortune I am able to use both hands again and ride as well as ever!"

Then on he went with Captain Darling and six or seven of the troopers in close pursuit, the former yelling:

"Halt, or we will fire!"

"Fire and be hanged to you!" yelled Phil. "And I'll give you fits soon if you injure a hair of my mother's head!"

"If you do not surrender we will hang your mother in an hour, you young fool!"

"I'll be hanged if you do without a brush for it! Get along with you, good horse, and let us see what you are made of on this level road."

The young fugitive struck the horse with his sword while speaking, and he then discovered that he had been supplied with a fleet animal.

On and on went the exciting chase, but Phil was drawing away from his enemies.

Captain Darling was well mounted, however, and he spurred his horse for all he was worth, while he foamed with rage at the thought of his prize escaping him.

The English officer soon left the troopers far behind, but he could not gain on the fugitive, while he groaned forth:

"Would to heaven that some accident would happen to that horse, and the mischief take the traitor who gave him to the young rascal!"

They had ridden about three miles from the farmhouse when Phil perceived another horseman riding out from a wood ahead of them.

The young fellow was then some distance ahead of Captain Darling, and he said to himself:

"If this is another Englishman I must make short work of him!"

Phil drew his horse up a little, grasping his sword with a stronger grip as he continued to say:

"The man ahead does not look like an English trooper as far as I can see now."

The man ahead galloped toward Phil at a leisurely gait, until he was within hailing distance, when he called out, in manly tones:

"Who comes there?"

Phil recognized the voice on the instant. and joyous were

"A friend, indeed, Captain Hardy, and it is glad I am to

the tones in which he replied:

meet you!"

Captain Hardy pressed on to meet his friends as he responded, crying:

"Welcome, welcome, my brave fellow! And who is this riding after you?"

"Captain Darling, an officer in command of the English troop, who held me as a prisoner."

"Captain Darling!" exclaimed the young Virginian, in fierce tones.

"Yes, yes; and he has several of his friends riding after him. Have you friends near, captain?"

"Yes, I have friends near, as some of our fellows are back there in the wood."

The two friends were riding on together at the time, and Captain Hardy cast his eyes back to watch the enemy, as he remarked:

"I do not see any of his men riding on with him."

"They have fallen behind a little, but they are close at hand, I assure you."

"They are far enough behind to suit my purpose, and I am going to meet that scoundrel single-handed. Remain here with the boys, and come on with them if you see any of his men appearing."

At a signal from the young Virginian several mounted men dashed out from the wood, and among them was Randy Marvin, the spy.

"Halt here until I return!" cried Captain Hardy, as he rode back to meet his old foe.

"What are you about, captain?" cried Phil, as he galloped after his officer.

"I am about to meet a rascal I hate, and you ride back to the men unless you see the English riding at us while we fight."

Being thus ordered, Phil drew back to his friends, who received him in a joyous manner.

Captain Darling then rode back at a gallop as he said to himself:

"Would that I had my troop here now and I would crush those rascals!"

A voice then rang out to him, crying:

"Captain Darling, if you have a spark of manhood in you turn and fight me!"

The Englishman recognized the voice, and he turned his horse again as he answered:

"I will meet you, you miserable Yankee, on foot or on horse, single-handed or at the head of my troop, if you name but the day and the hour!"

"This is the hour, and let us at it like men, you English hound!"

While thus speaking Captain Hardy drew up before his enemy and brandished his sword aloft.

Captain Darling looked back and he perceived five or six of his troopers galloping along the road.

Then, drawing his pistol, he took aim at his enemy as he cried:

"Thus do I treat rascally rebels!"

CHAPTER XI.

TO MOLL PITCHER'S RESCUE.

Captain Hardy perceived the treacherous movement on the part of his enemy, and he bent down over his horse's neck, drawing a pistol at the same time.

The animal under the brave Virginian sent forth a groan as the shot was fired, and he then staggered forward and fell.

His young rider sprang to his feet, firing at the same moment, as he cried:

"You were always a treacherous rascal, Darling, but I'll be in with you now!"

The English troopers sent up a shout as they heard the shots, and galloped toward their captain at full speed. He turned his horse toward them just as the Virginian fired, crying:

"I will meet you, man to man, at the head of some of my brave fellows!"

Captain Hardy did not hit his enemy, and he dashed after him on foot, yelling aloud:

"Come. my brave boys, and we will meet the rascals, man to man!"

Phil Pitcher and his friends on the road were then galloping forward. while several horsemen dashed out through the wood to back their captain.

When Captain Darling reached his men he could perceive that the Americans far outnumbered him, and he galloped back toward the farmhouse, crying:

"The hounds are too many for us and we will ride back at full speed for the others!"

Then away rode the Englishmen, as Captain Hardy yelled after them:

"I will chase you when I get another horse, and I will meet you to-night again, you treacherous cur!"

A shout of defiance was the Englishman's only reply to the threat, and away he went, feeling certain that he would have to encounter his enemy again that night.

Captain Hardy soon procured another horse, and he mustered his troops around him, crying:

"We will chase the English dogs to their camp. What about your brave mother, Phil?"

"She is a prisoner in the hands of the English, and they threaten to hang her for a spy within an hour."

"Then we will to her rescue at all hazards! Forward, men, to the rescue of Moll Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth!"

"To the rescue of Moll Pitcher!" sang out the troopers as they passed on with the son of the woman who was the idol of the army.

Captain Hardy's troop numbered some forty men, and they were all well armed with swords and pistols, while they were most eager for a struggle with the English.

There was one man among them. however, who was not carried away by the excitement of the moment, although he was Moll Pitcher's true friend.

That man was Randy Marvin.

The spy knew that the Americans would fight at a great disadvantage if they charged boldly on the party at the farmhouse, and he rode up to Captain Hardy's side as he said to him:

"May I have a word with you, captain?"

"Certainly, Randy."

"Then I would say to you that it will be very unwise to tackle the English skunks openly."

"How is that?"

"They outnumber you, and they will be posted at the farmhouse that I spoke to you about. The rascally Tories are there with them, and they all number eighty men at least."

"But we must rescue Moll Pitcher, Randy. It will be an eternal disgrace to us all if that brave woman is hung as a spy."

"We will rescue her if you take my advice, captain."

"What is that advice?"

"Let us move cautiously and attack them on the sly."

"How is that to be done when they are on the alert?"

"It can be done. They will be on the lookout for us here on the road, but it will be best for us to dismount in the wood beyond here, and then steal along by the river side and surprise them on foot."

The young Virginian was at home in the saddle, and he did not relish the idea of fighting on foot, yet he perceived that the spy was right in his suggestion.

To charge down on the farmhouse against double their numbers would be very venturesome, and many brave men would be certain to fall in the fire of their hidden foes.

It was then resolved to follow Randy's advice in a certain measure, and to attack the English in a cautious manner.

No time was to be lost, however, as Phil feared that his mother would be put to death very soon.

That brave woman was in a perilous position, as Captain Darling was fearfully enraged at the escape of the young prisoner.

After riding back some distance he could perceive that the Americans held back, and he said to himself:

"The rascals fear to fall into an ambuscade, and they are retreating."

On drawing near the farmhouse the English officer could not see anything of his enemies, and he rode on, hissing forth:

"Now to deal with Moll Pitcher."

Moll Pitcher was one of the happiest women in America that night when she saw the troopers riding back without their late prisoner.

Gideon Grimes had her in charge in the kitchen of the farmhouse, and they were waging a war of words over the struggle of the day.

Moll's arms were still bound behind her, and the Tory leader kept a strict watch on her, although he permitted her to look out the front window.

When Moll saw Captain Darling riding into the farmhouse, a cry of joy burst from her and she sang out:

"Hurrah for the brave boy—my boy—who humbugged you all and got safe away to his friends."

Captain Darling sprang from the saddle and burst into the kitchen, crying:

"You infernal old hag, your boy has escaped, but you will suffer for him. Grimes, let your men get a rope and we will hang her up on the tree, back there!"

"You daren't hang me!" cried Moll, who did not appear to be the least alarmed. "I demand a fair trial and as much justice as you English can give!"

"You'll get all the justice you deserve. On with the rope around the hag's neck and drag her out to the gallows tree!"

Gideon Grimes and one of his men placed the rope around the brave woman's neck, and they were about to draw her forth when Edith ran into the room, crying:

"Oh, mercy, mercy, father! You would not hang a brave woman because she came here to save her son?"

CHAPTER XII.

"THE REBELS ARE ON US."

Gideon Grimes had not seen his daughter since she acted in such a brave manner while rescuing her uncle.

Captain Darling was not aware that the young girl was in the place at all as he had been too busy with Moll Pitcher and her son since the return of the scouting party.

The good girl was still disguised as a boy, as she had also been on the alert since Phil Pitcher rode away from the farmhouse.

While Edith spoke to her father, she flung her arms around Moll Pitcher's neck, and drew her back into the room, that brave woman exclaiming:

"I knew you wouldn't desert me, my good girl, and Heaven bless you for saying a word for me at this time; but I defy them."

Gideon Grimes pushed his daughter aside in a very rough manner, crying:

"Get right out of my sight, or I'll do you some mischief right off."

Captain Darling then interposed, saying:

"Can it be possible that she is not your daughter?"

"Yes, it is, and she is a bad girl, as I believe that she helped in getting that young rebel away."

Edith turned on her father in the most indignant manner, crying:

"I am not a bad girl, sir, and what if I did help in getting the young rebel away?"

"If I was sure of it I would choke you right here."

The Tory was springing at his daughter, when Captain Darling interposed between them, crying:

"I am in command here, Captain Grimes, and you must not touch the young lady before me."

"Maybe he would like to string the pair of us up together," replied Moll Pitcher, with a taunting laugh.

Edith embraced the woman again in the most affectionate manner, and Moll soon felt what her young friend was about.

The devoted girl was cutting the cords that bound the woman's arms while thus embracing her, while she whispered to her, at the same time saying:

"If you get a chance dash back into the orchard very soon."

"I will, my darling," whispered Moll in return.

"Stop this fooling!" cried Grimes, and out with the woman if we are going to string her up."

"No,. no, father. Oh, Captain Darling you wouldn't be so cruel as to hang a poor woman merely because she is true to her own son?"

Being thus appealed to, Captain Darling replied in kindly tones, saying:

"I hate to displease you, Miss Grimes, as I remember your kindness to me at Monmouth but I assure you that the young man you allude to is not this woman's son, as the wicked creature stole him from his mother in Ireland when he was a little boy."

Thrown off her guard for a moment, Moll Pitcher indignantly cried:

"That's an infernal lie, if George Washington himself said it, for the dear lady gave him into my charge of her own free will."

A joyous exclamation burst from Captain Darling on hearing the confession, and he then cried:

"You all heard what the old hag said. She confesses that the boy is not her son, and that she got him from his mother in Ireland."

Moll Pitcher saw that she had committed a grave blunder, but she was not a woman to back out, and she replied, saying:

"It slipped from me, Heaven forgive me, but the angels in heaven know that I did not mean to break my pledge to her."

"Then you do confess that the boy is my sister's child?"

"I won't confess anything to you but it will all come out in the right time."

Gideon Grimes seized his daughter again, and dragged her away from Moll Pitcher, as he cried:

"We have heard enough; string her up!"

Sally appeared in the door of the apartment, and just then a horseman dashed up to the farmhouse crying:

"The rebels are on us!"

Then away dashed Captain Darling and his troopers up the road, thinking they were coming from that direction.

They spied several horsemen drawn up in the road, who on seeing Captain Darling and his troopers galloped away, with the English in full pursuit.

Then up through the orchard ran some twenty men, led on by Phil Pitcher and Randy Marvin, the young man crying:

"Here we come to your rescue, mother. Girls, retreat into the house!"

Sally and Edith did retreat into the house while over into the yard sprang the active American, Moll Pitcher's boy, crying:

"Here's at the rascals who would hang my brave mother, and down with the English forever!"

The Tories around the farmhouse were taken by surprise at that unlooked-for assault, and they fled to the front, yelling:

"The rebels are on us in the rear."

Phil Pitcher darted at the two men who held his mother, and struck one of them to the ground with his sword, firing point blank at the other at the same time, as he cried:

"Dear mother, it is my turn to rescue you now."

The Americans dashed at the Tories in front of the house, using their weapons and swords on them, and slaying several of them in short order.

Gideon Grimes saw that he was outnumbered, and he dashed along the road at full speed, with several followers, yelling:

"Come back, come back, Captain Darling!"

Randy Marvin and his friends ran after them, but could not overtake them, so they returned to the house.

The Americans were retreating toward the orchard in triumph, when Edith ran out of the house and addressed Phil Pitcher, saying:

"Good-by, Phil, as I may never see you again, and you, too, uncle."

Randy Marvin and Phil seized the young girl by the hand, the former crying:

"I'd ask you to come now, Edith, only that we have a rough time before us yet."

"I know, I know. I hope you will get safe through to your friends with the good woman."

"Heaven bless you forever, my darling!" exclaimed Moll Pitcher; "and it is I will return your thanks in some way if ever it is in my power."

"Away with you!" cried Randy Marvin. "The troopers are riding back now."

The troopers were dashing back the road, while into the orchard dashed the Americans.

Captain Darling had heard the cries and the pistol shots in the farmhouse, and he then realized that he had been fooled by the horsemen he had been pursuing.

These horsemen were mounted on fleet Virginia horses, and they could laugh at their enemies when pursued by them.

Captain Grimes soon met the English officer on the road, and he yelled aloud:

"Come back, quick, Captain. We were attacked by rebels who came from the orchard, and they have gone back that way again."

"Back it is, then."

CHAPTER XIII.

A FAIR FIGHT FOR IT.

Captain Darling rode bravely back at the head of his troop, and the beaten Tories ran after them.

"Where are the rebels?" cried Captain Darling, glaring around at the dead and wounded.

Pointing to the orchard, Sally cried:

"They have gone that way."

A scout galloped into the yard, crying:

"There are twenty-five rebels retreating on foot along by the river, captain.

"Gideon Grimes and his men mounted in hot haste, and the Tory leader was in a fearful rage as they dashed along with the troopers in pursuit of the retreating Americans.

The retreating party were making toward the wood where their friends were with horses awaiting them.

Captain Hardy had led the mounted party down the road. The brave Virginian would have charged at the enemy were it not that he had promised Randy Marvin to draw them away from the farmhouse.

Having accomplished so much Captain Hardy was burning to have a fight with the troops, although he saw that they outnumbered his party.

On gaining the wooded retreat with Moll Pitcher and her friend, the spy addressed Captain Hardy, saying:

"Now, captain, that Moll Pitcher is all right I'll tell you what I'll do with you."

"What will you do?"

"I'll give you a chance to have a fair fight with those British horsemen."

"How will you work it, as they outnumber us with the mounted Tories?"

"We'll split them up if you say so, and at them in detail."

"The cunning spy then went on to explain his plan, and it did not take him long to do it.

Having explained his plan of action, the patriot leader prepared to put the spy's trick in force.

Captain Darling felt that the Americans were not far away, and he feared an ambush.

Sending his skirmishers ahead, he ordered his troop to ride in order of battle, and to keep well on the alert.

Captain Grimes and the Tories rode on behind, and they were also prepared for a fight.

On reaching the edge of the wood, one of the horsemen ahead yelled out:

"There they go, captain!"

The skirmishers fell back, and Captain Darling was soon riding in front, when he perceived a strong body of horsemen drawn up about two hundred yards ahead.

One glance at the party showed him that his troopers far outnumbered the enemy, and he cried:

"Forward to the charge, and use pistol and steel on the rascals!"

On dashed the English, and after them rode the Tories, the latter numbering twenty men.

The Americans soon turned to retreat, as if fearing to encounter such a strong party, and Captain Darling cried:

"Charge after the rascals on the double quick, and they cannot escape."

The troopers set spurs to their horses, and galloped along at a headlong pace.

The Tories did not ride as fast, and they were soon separated from their allies.

They were still riding at the side of the wood when a wild yell burst on their ears, and then into the Tory ranks rattled a deadly volley, while a voice cried out in thrilling tones:

"Out at the traitors, and kill them to a man!"

The Tories received another stunning surprise, as they believed that the rebels had struck them in force.

Several of their men had fallen, their horses were thrown into confusion, and Gideon Grimes received a ball in the cheek.

The rascals turned to retreat in disorder, bearing their leader with them, while another volley from the woods was poured into them by half a dozen brave men stationed there under Randy Marvin.

Those men made as much clatter and noise as if they numbered fifty, and their execution with the pistol was simply fearful.

Several of the troopers in the rear ranks wheeled about as if to ride to the assistance of the Tories.

At that juncture the American horsemen wheeled about again, as if to dash back at their foes.

Captain Darling feared that he had fallen into a trap, and he called a halt, crying:

"Charge back, as our allies are put to rout in an ambuscade."

The troopers did charge back in some disorder, when the front rank received a volley from the spy and his men, who had time to load again.

Then on after the English troopers dashed Captain Hardy and his men, the leader yelling:

"Face about, you cowards, and give us a fair fight for it."

Captain Darling did not heed the challenge until his men were beyond the fire of those in the wood, and he had already lost several of his men.

His party still outnumbered the horsemen, however, and the English officer could perceive as much as he looked back.

Still fearing an ambuscade by another party, the troopers rode on to the edge of the woods, when their captain cried:

"Wheel about now, and we will give the rascals a fair fight for it."

The spy and his friends dashed on to the edge of the woods, also, where their horses were ready to receive them.

Hastily reloading their pistols, they sprang on their steeds and dashed out to meet their friends.

When the Americans came together a cheering shout arose from them, and then Moll Pitcher cried:

"Now for a fair fight with the villains, and show them that they are not masters of the land!"

The Americans rode on at full gallop until the edge of the wood was passed, and they were then within pistol shot of the English, who were advancing to meet them.

The Tories had reached the farmhouse in dire disorder, their captain bleeding freely from the pistol wound in his cheek.

It must be confessed that the English were disorganized also by the disasters of the night, and they were not prepared to receive the fearful onslaught of those who then charged on them.

Captain Hardy rode at the head of his men, and close behind him were Phil Pitcher and the spy.

"For old Virginia and our native land!" yelled the gallant captain, as he dashed at his foe.

The two parties came together with a rattling of pistols and a clashing of swords, and then all was confusion, strife and deadly wounds.

Yet high above the din of the conflict rang out Moll Pitcher's voice:

"Here's a fair fight for you, and now we'll see if you'll hang me up a tree."

CHAPTER XIV.

IT WAS NOT FAIR AFTER ALL.

The two parties were about equal in numbers, when they thus closed together.

The English fought with stubborn courage that night, but they soon gave way before the headlong charge and the heavy blows of the Virginians.

Captain Darling realized that he was getting the worst of the fight, and he cried out:

"Retreat, Englishmen, and we'll form to fight them again."

"At them, lads!" cried Captain Hardy. "We'll cut them to pieces!"

At them they went, and back fell the English in disorder, until their retreat became a total rout.

It was then a helter-skelter race along the road, the Americans slaying and picking up prisoners at almost every step.

At that moment a loud bugle call fell on the ears of the pursuers, and Captain Hardy cried:

"Halt, friends, as that is a blast from an enemy coming toward the city."

The gallant Virginian spoke the truth, as a large body of English horsemen dashed up to the farmhouse while he was speaking.

Then out rushed the Tories, yelling:

"Captain Darling is fighting the rebels up there, and ride to help him."

The troop thus arriving numbered over a hundred horsemen, and they dashed on to the rescue of their friends.

They soon met Captain Darling and his beaten troopers, when the former cried:

"Have at the rascals back there, colonel, and we will wheel with you."

The Americans were drawing back at the moment, securing the horses of the slain Englishmen, and tending to their wounded as well.

Captain Hardy soon saw that he could not contend against the strong force riding against him, and he ordered a retreat.

The Americans rode away in good order, and the fresh English horsemen thundered along after them.

On reaching the wood, Randy Marvin said:

"Captain, hadn't we better get in here, as I know paths that will take us to our camp in short order?"

"Just as you say, Randy, as you are our guide now."

They were about to turn into the wood when Moll Pitcher looked around her, crying:

"Phil, my boy, where are you?"

"There was no response to the question, as Phil was not with the troop.

The excited woman became almost frantic on discovering that her boy was among the missing again, and she yelled aloud:

"Phil, Phil, my darling boy, don't say that you are in bad luck again."

"Be quiet, Moll," cautioned Randy Marvin, "as we don't want the English to trail us now, and your boy will turn up all right."

"But did any one see him fall?"

"He was riding beside me," answered Randy, "until we were close on the edge of the wood behind here."

"Then where did he go to?"

"I saw him fall out of line to speak to a boy on horseback at the edge of the wood," answered one of the horsemen, "and they rode in this way together."

"What boy could it be, and where have they gone?"

"I think it was my niece," answered the spy. "Silence, now, as the English are in the wood after us."

It was true that Phil Pitcher had turned out of the ranks to speak to Edith Grimes.

The young girl had ridden away from the farmhouse on one of her father's horses, and she had watched the struggle with painful interest until the Americans retreated.

Phil then perceived her at the edge of the wood, and he rode to meet her, saying:

"Will you not come with us now, Edith, as I know you cannot be happy with your father?"

The young girl turned her horse into the wood, as she answered, saying:

"I would like to ask you, Phil, if you should ever get my father in your power, will you spare his life?"

"You may be sure I will. But won't you come along with us?"

"I can't. I want to go back and find out whether father is really married to Sally Friend or not."

Hearing the tramp of horses' hoofs at that moment the young fellow said:

"I must join my friends now, Edith, and I hope I may see you before long."

"I hope so, Phil, and good-night to you."

Phil then turned into a path and rode along, thinking that he was striking on his friends, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by the English troopers, who had just entered the wood, and Captain Darling cried:

"You are in my power again, you young rebel, and I'll see that you don't get off this time."

The brave young patriot attempted to break through the troopers, but he was soon disarmed and overpowered.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE WORK AT NIGHT.

Yes, Phil Pitcher was a prisoner again, and in the power of one who was aiming for his destruction.

Captain Darling was smarting over his late defeat by his old enemy; but he was extremely delighted to find the young fellow in his hands again.

Randy Marvin soon led his friends out on an old road, and then away they went at a full gallop, Moll Pitcher looking back as she moaned aloud:

"Dear me, dear me, to think that I must leave my poor boy behind me after all."

The English troopers had not yet found their way out of the wood, when along after the Americans rode a boyish figure on a swift bay horse.

Moll was the first to perceive the horse and its rider, and she drew up with the spy to await their approach, praying that it might be her own boy himself.

She was soon disappointed, however, as Randy Marvin cried out:

"Here comes Edith now."

The disguised girl soon dashed up to them, crying:

"Ride on, ride on as fast as you can, as the English will soon be out of the wood."

"What did you do with my boy, at all?" demanded Moll, as they rode on at full speed after their friends.

"I am sorry to say that he was taken prisoner soon after leaving me, but I think that we can release him again this very night."

"How is it to be done, Edith?"

"If Captain Hardy could lead the English horsemen on a fool's errand for a while half a dozen of you could sneak around to the farmhouse and help me to rescue the young fellow."

"That's a right good idea, and I'll speak to Captain Hardy about it. Think you will be all safe if you ride back openly again by the main road, my gal?"

"I think so, sir, as I am certain father don't mean me any harm."

"Then push on with me and Moll, and I'll talk to Captain Hardy."

In the meantime, Moll Pitcher's boy was led back to the farmhouse by a small party of Captain Darling's own troopers.

The baffled officer pushed on with the remainder of his men, as he was anxious to wipe out his defeat by crushing Captain Hardy in another quarter.

The Tories and troopers bound the young fellow to a large post, which served as a support in the roomy old kitchen, and Gideon Grimes watched them, as he grunted out:

"I'd give a good deal to know who gave you that file."

"But you'll never know it," answered the manly young prisoner, with a defiant smile on his handsome face.

Gideon Grimes suspected his daughter of assisting in the young fellow's release, but he was not angry with the young girl on that account, as such action on her part would serve her purpose.

The Tory leader moved out to the front door, and Sally followed him, as she said in low tones:

"Gid Grimes, you are the blamedest fool I ever met in my life."

"How is that?"

"I know what you have been thinking about, and what makes you treat that young fellow in such a rough manner."

Sally then went on to give her views about Phil Pitcher and Edith.

The tramp of galloping horses was heard outside as they were speaking, and Gideon Grimes whispered to Sally:

"Darn it all, here come the troopers back now, and they will block our game."

"Not if I can help it," answered the tricky girl; "and Edith will help me."

"Go ahead, then."

Gideon Grimes moved out to the front yard, where he found Captain Darling and the remnant of his troop.

"What's up now?" inquired the Tory leader. "And why didn't you strike on the rebels again?"

"We didn't, confound them."

"How is that?"

"We have been chasing them right around here in a half circle, and Major Dixon is after them yet. Fearing that they would strike back here at you I came with my troop to guard the prisoner."

"The prisoner is all right, Captain Darling."

"I will make him safer still by taking him back to New York at once, as I have business in the city to-night. Bring him right out here at once and I will take care of him."

Gideon Grimes was much annoyed at the order, but he had to obey.

Sally and Edith heard the words uttered by Captain Darling, also.

The faithful girl gave a deep sigh, and said to herself:

"Isn't it too bad they came so soon, and Uncle Randy and the others coming to his rescue; but they mustn't give up the work if they have to follow them clear down to the Harlem River."

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL AFTER HER BOY.

While Phil Pitcher was being dragged forth to be led to New York, his mother, Randy Marvin and five of the Virginia troopers were drawn up in the lane at the back of the orchard.

"Will that girl come at all?" impatiently inquired Moll Pitcher, as she stared up toward the farmhouse.

"Take it easy, Moll," answered the spy, "and here she comes now."

Edith was tripping down the orchard at that moment, and she was soon with her friends, saying:

"They are taking him off to New York."

"Who's taking him off to New York?" inquired the excited woman.

"Captain Darling; and you can soon hear them."

"How many men is Captain Darling taking with him?"

"About five or six, I think, sir."

"Then let us be after them and rescue my boy," said Moll impatiently.

The brave woman was then dressed in male attire.

On starting out from New York City in quest of her boy, Moll had taken the precaution to put on a suit of rough male attire under her proper garments, so that she could change her appearance in very short order if necessary.

She then appeared in the character of an Irishman just landed, and she wore an old cap that could be drawn down over her eyes.

While they were thus speaking, the spy could hear Captain Darling and his party riding away with the prisoner.

Moll Pitcher heard them also, and she started her horse, as she said:

"There they go, and let us be after them and rescue my boy."

Edith then returned to the farmhouse, and Moll Pitcher and her friends moved away in pursuit of the English party.

They had to move very cautiously, as they were then treading on dangerous ground.

From the farmhouse to the Harlem river, which was about ten miles, the country swarmed with Tories and parties of English troopers out in search of forage.

After riding a little distance Randy advised the troopers to ride back, saying:

"You will strike your troop by moving cautiously there to the right. We can do better, that is, Moll and I, by following her son together."

Moll did not object to the arrangement, as she was wise enough to know that her boy must now be rescued by strategy.

When Edith returned to the house her father had retired to bed, and Sally prepared to go with Edith on the journey after the prisoner, which she had persuaded Edith was the best way to rescue the young prisoner.

The cunning girl made up well as a lad living in the country, and they were both mounted on the best horses in the Tory troop.

Captain Darling pushed on with his prisoner at a round gallop, and the party did not halt until they reached a small tavern on the upper bank of the Harlem River, where they proposed to wait until daylight to cross over in a boat.

After a brief delay the English officer decided to cross the river and push on to New York with his prisoner, as he had made up his mind to bear him away to England as soon as possible.

He did succeed in crossing the river with his party, and they then pushed on down to the city.

As they neared the city daylight was breaking, and Captain Darling addressed the prisoner, saying:

"If you will give me your word of honor not to attempt an escape I will treat you as a companion and not as a prisoner."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"Then I must put you on board an English ship as soon as possible."

The prisoner was taken to a private house on Whitehall Street that morning and placed in a room on the third floor.

The front windows of the room looked out on the Battery, which was even then a pleasant promenade for the citizens of the small city.

Phil stretched himself to rest on the bed, as he said to himself:

"Well, this is rather tough, after so much blood was spilt for my rescue; but we had far the best of the fight, anyhow, and I don't despair yet."

The cords were removed from the young fellow's arms, but the door of the room was locked and bolted on both sides, and two English troopers kept guard in the passage.

After dinner the young prisoner was led out of the house in charge of four troopers, two of whom were Captain Darling's body servants.

The officer himself walked beside the young man, as he said to him:

"It will be of no use for you to attempt to escape, as I have others watching you around here until we reach the boat."

They were passing through the Battery, and Phil cast his eyes around at the different loungers who were strolling about.

Then a joyous feeling warmed his heart, and he said to himself:

"My friends do not forget me, and that good mother of mine is too daring for anything."

The prisoner had recognized his mother in a rough-looking Irishman who was seated under a tree smoking a pipe.

A short distance away from her appeared Randy Marvin, who had assumed the character of a sailor.

Other eyes were watching Phil at the time, as Edith and Sally had arrived in the city also to work for him.

But what inspired the lad with the greatest admiration was to perceive another character in the play on the scene.

That other character was the brave Captain Hardy, who was paying a visit to the city for a triple purpose.

The daring Virginian was espying on the English army; he was working for the rescue of his friend, and he was seeking final satisfaction from Captain Daring for insults offered to him in England years before.

The prisoner was led on board a boat at a landing in the Battery, and he was soon moving over the water of the bay toward an English vessel lying at anchor in the North River.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FRIEND IN DISGUISE.

The English merchant vessel on which the prisoner soon found himself was about four hundred tons burden, and her crew consisted of fourteen or fifteen men in all.

Phil was then placed in a small apartment at the back of the cabin.

Captain Darling placed the two servants on guard near the door, as he said to them:

"I will have your lives if that young gentleman escapes while I am on shore this evening."

The plotting officer left the vessel soon after that, taking the two other troopers on shore with him.

The mate of the vessel and five sailors were the only others left on board that evening, as most of the crew were making merry on shore on the last night before starting on the voyage.

Two of the sailors left on board that night had been engaged for the voyage late that afternoon.

The two strangers kept together in the forecastle, the mate rested in the main cabin drinking grog, and only two Englishmen were on guard on deck.

About ten o'clock a boat pushed out from shore, rowed by two men, while one rough-looking fellow sat in the stern.

The boat made straight for the English merchantman, and the sailors on deck noticed her approaching them.

One of them hailed the boat, inquiring what business brought them there, and a rough voice replied:

"Is the captain there at all?"

"No; he is on shore."

The mate stepped out from the cabin at that moment and moved to the side of the vessel, as he inquired:

"I have charge of the vessel, and what do you want?"

"I am a poor divil that is homesick, and I want to go back with you," answered the rough man in the boat.

"Have you money to pay your passage?"

"To be sure, as I have forty pounds here in my purse."

"Then come on board, and I'll tend to you."

A rope ladder was lowered, and the homesick passenger sprang up on deck, saying:

"Bring up my boxes, boys, and I'll settle with you on board here."

The men in the boat handed up a small chest to the English sailors, and they were soon on deck themselves.

The mate stared at the would-be passenger, and he saw that he was a rough-looking Irishman.

"Come into the cabin, Paddy," he said, "and count out ten pounds to me for your passage."

"To be sure I will, but that is pretty dear, as I only want to go in the steerage."

"We won't take you for less, and none of your palaver or we won't take you at all."

"Then I'll pay it down on the nail and no more about it."

The rough Irishman spoke very loud as he entered the cabin, and Phil could hear the voice, while he said to himself:

"Blame my eyes, if that isn't mother!"

By passing into the cabin the disguised woman exchanged significant glances with the two strange sailors, and then moved toward the boatmen soon after.

On reaching the cabin the disguised woman began counting some bank notes, as she said to the mate:

"Have you many passengers on board at all, sir?"

"Only five beside yourself."

Moll stared in at the two fellows who were guarding her son, as she inquired:

"Are them two of them in there standing like dumb men over a corpse?"

"Those are two officer's servants who are watching a young fellow who is out of his mind."

"And where is the poor fellow at all?"

"He is in the small room at the end of the passage there."

"Murder alive!" cried Moll in very loud tones, "and must I go back to the old land in company with a madman?"

The mate laughed heartily at the question, and the droll expression on the creature's face, and then replied:

"I guess the young madman won't hurt you any."

"I am in dread he will, and are them chaps to watch him all the time?"

"Certainly, if he is not better when we get out to sea."

"And couldn't they move in here to take a drink of this good brandy I brought on board?"

"I suppose they can if they want to, as the young gent is locked up in his room."

The fellows watching over Phil readily accepted the invitation and stepped out into the front cabin.

"It is the finest stuff you ever tasted, as I got it from me cousin, who keeps a hotel in the city there."

The mate filled a bumper and smacked his lips after it, as he remarked:

"It is good stuff."

The two servants drank in turn, each declaring that the brandy was prime stuff.

A slight scuffle was heard on deck at that moment, and Moll drew a pistol from each pocket, as she cried:

"Now for the brave boy who will never cross the ocean in this ship!"

"Mutiny!" cried the mate, as the two strange sailors dashed into the cabin and presented pistols at the servants, while Moll covered the mate with one of her weapons, as she cried:

"It isn't mutiny at all, but fair play. Wasn't that fine brandy, and don't you feel the good of it already?"

"The infernal stuff is drugged!" gasped the mate, as he staggered back and fell to the floor.

Phil's two guards reeled at the same moment, one of them gasping forth:

"We are done for, Tom!"

One of the sailors laughed heartily as he saw the two fellows falling to the floor in a senseless state, and he then turned to Moll, saying:

"That was nice work, old girl, and the fellows above are bound and gagged."

At that moment one of the boatmen rushed into the cabin crying:

"Hurry, hurry, as there is a boat filled with sailors rowing to the ship."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FIGHT FOR IT.

Phil's friends were a little alarmed at the boatmen's words, and they hastened to break in the door of the apartment where the young fellow was confined.

The young fellow sprang out and embraced his mother, as he inquired:

"How did you work it?"

Captain Hardy was one of the pretended sailors, and he soon commanded the party on the instant, saying:

"We have no time for explanations now, as a boat full of sailors are pushing this way, and we may have to fight for it before we get away."

"Then out with us!" said Phil, as he sprang out into the outer cabin and seized a sword and pistol hanging there.

The two boatmen who had assisted Moll Pitcher were American seamen who had lately escaped from an English war vessel.

Phil and his rescuers were soon on the deck, where the English sailors were lying, bound and gagged.

At that moment a voice from the water hailed the ship, crying:

"Is all well on board there?"

"All is well," answered Captain Hardy at once.

The boat contained eight sailors belonging to the merchantman, and their captain, together with Captain Darling and four English troopers.

The sea captain did not like the appearance of things on board as he neared his vessel, and he called on the others to be ready for a fight.

The boat had scarcely struck the vessel when those on board sprang suddenly upon the bulwarks and sent a volley from their pistols into the English, Captain Hardy crying:

"Hurrah for Washington, and Liberty forever!"

The volley caused sad havoc among the English in the boat, as three of the sailors therein and two of the troopers were either killed or wounded.

"Mutiny—mutiny!" yelled the sea captain as he sprang upon the deck of his vessel. "In at them, my lads, and down with the mutineers!"

Captain Hardy and his friends sprang into their own boat at the same time, the leader crying:

"Give them another volley and then away with you!"

The Americans sent another volley into the English boat from their pistols.

The boatmen then seized the oars, and so did Randy Marvin and Captain Hardy, the latter crying:

"Now away with you for dear life!"

A yell of rage burst from the English, some of whom were springing on the deck after their captain.

Captain Darling's voice was then heard yelling:

"The rascals are flying; let us pursue them! Fire on the scoundrels!"

Some of the English sailors did fire at their foe, but the balls flew wild.

The English sea captain then sprang back into his yawl again, crying:

"Man the oars and give chase to the pirates, as they must have murdered my men left on board!"

The tide was running in, and away toward the Jersey shore swept the boat containing Moll Pitcher and her friends."

The English boat was soon in motion after it, six stout sailors pulling on as many oars.

The English frigates lying in the harbor sent up signals on hearing the shots near the merchantmen and boats were pushed out from two of them.

Moll Pitcher sat beside her boy in the stern of the boat, and she said to him:

"This is the closest work we have had yet, my boy!"

"So it is, mother."

"The villains behind us are gaining on us now, and it is a pity we haven't a gun or two to put a stop to them."

"Load your pistols and fire at them again when they come within range!" cried Captain Hardy.

"I'll load for you all," said Moll, "and hand them back here to me."

The pistols were handed back to Moll by the four rowers and she commenced to load them as she remarked:

"The rogues are gaining on us again, and pull for dear lives, boys!"

One of the sailors cast his eyes ahead and then responded, saying:

"One more burst for it, boys, and then we'll strike on the shore ahead of them!"

"Then row it is!" said Randy Marvin.

"I am pulling as I never pulled before!" replied Captain Hardy, who was puffing from the unusual exercise.

Captain Darling's voice then rang out, crying:

"Give the rascals a volley now!"

The Englishman fired as he gave the order and the two troopers fired with him.

The sea captain had manned one of the oars as his crew were short-handed, although he had released the sailors on deck, who had been secured by the patriots.

One of the bullets from the English boat struck the seat near Moll Pitcher, and she turned to Phil, saying:

"Let us try our hands with the pistols now!"

"All right, mother."

They fired together, and a cry of agony from the pursuing boat told that one of the shots had found its mark at least.

Another yell of rage burst from the Englishmen, which was re-echoed by the crew of a boat in an English man-of-war, following after.

Moll cast one anxious eye toward the shore, as she said to her boy:

"Let us fire again, as it is a pity we can't stop them altogether."

"Fire again it is, mother!"

The pistol shots rang out again, Captain Darling and one of the troopers responding in the same manner.

"We are on the shore now, and then for the woods!" cried one of the American sailors.

"A dash for it, then!" cried Captain Hardy, "and then to the woods together!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Moll as the boat struck the shore. "And now we'll see who has the best legs!"

The Americans seized their pistols again and sprang on shore to dart into the wood not many yards away.

The fugitives soon reached an old road running along the shore, and Captain Hardy then said:

"We had a fight and a chase on the water for it, and now I think we'll have a chase on shore."

"That's a fact!" remarked Randy Marvin, "as I hear them coming on after us."

"They are yelling like mad Injins," said Moll Pitcher, "but we will have the laugh on them at last."

"If we can gain the hill above, ahead of them, we are all right," responded one of the sailors.

"Then let us all put our best foot foremost and I'll wager I won't be the last man in the race," said Moll, in her droll way.

The little party dashed on together along the road, Captain Hardy warning his friends to load their pistols again, and he concluded by saying:

"Thank goodness that we all secured swords, if it does come to close quarters!"

The English struck out on the road at that time, and a fierce yell burst from them as they beheld their foes darting away toward the hill.

"Yell away, you villains!" cried Moll; "but I'll wager my life ye'll never get my boy in your hands again."

"Why, mother, you can beat us all running!" remarked Phil.

"Silence, and don't waste breath!" ordered Captain Hardy, as he gazed back at his foes. "Those sailors run like the mischief, and I only hope that Captain Darling can keep up with them, as I would like to settle with him to-night, if we must come to another fight."

"Who is wasting their breath now?" asked Moll Pitcher.

"Then be silent all until we gain the wood on the hill," said Captain Hardy.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SPY LEADS THE WAY.

Over twenty active English sailors were in pursuit of the five Americans and Moll Pitcher, and Captain Darling led the party.

That young officer was not wounded as badly as he pretended to be when reporting to his general during the day, as he was then able to keep up with the active sailors.

The Americans made splendid time until they gained the foot of the hill, and they reached a wood soon after, when Randy Marvin said to his friends:

"Turn to the right, now, and I have something to propose to you, Captain Hardy."

"What is it, Randy?"

"What do you say if we play the fox with the British!"

"How is that?"

"Let us turn on them here in the wood as they ain't worth a pin at trailing, and make back to the shore again."

"That is a good plan. And do you know this locality?"

"Of course; it is my business to know every spot around here."

"Then lead the way."

While they were thus speaking the Americans were not lingering as they pushed on toward the river again.

The English party gained the wood about that time, and they paused at the edge of it as if in doubt how to proceed.

After a short consultation the English officers decided to send some of their men into the wood in pursuit of the Americans, while the others kept watch along the road.

Randy Marvin led his party along down to a swamp, across which a narrow footpath extended.

The English could not see that path from the upper road, and those who pushed into the wood could not track their enemies in the darkness.

The spy soon reached the path leading down to the swamp, and he led his friends into a grove, afterward known as the Elysian Fields.

Unfortunately for the Americans two of the English sailors were straggling along the lower road after their comrades, and they perceived the Americans returning along the swamp.

The sailors then hastened forward to the edge of the wood and informed their officers of what they had seen.

The men in the wood were then called out and the whole party started back at full speed.

Randy Marvin kept leading his friends along, and they all moved as silently as possible until they gained a point in the wood in front of which the three boats were lying.

The Americans halted inside the wood and peered out at those who were guarding the boats, while Captain Hardy remarked:

"There are two troopers and four sailors down there, and I think one of the troopers is wounded."

While thus speaking the brave Virginian cast his eye over his friends and proceeded to arrange them in the order that suited him.

"We will walk out quietly," he continued, "and fire on the foes in the order I have placed you; when we are within fair pistol range of them I will give the word and all fire at once."

The spy started a little at the moment and then bent his ear to the ground, saying:

"The English are coming back after us, as sure as fate, and they are in the wood behind us now."

"Then out with us in the boats!" ordered Captain Hardy, "and stand together like heroes!"

The Americans moved out in one column, but they had not advanced many steps before one of the English near the boat cried out:

"Who comes there?"

"Friends of America!" cried Captain Hardy. "Fire together, my lads!"

Six pistols went off together and three of the English sailors fell.

"Dash at them, now, and out with the boats!" cried Captain Hardy as he fired another pistol.

Cries of dismay burst from the startled English who survived the volleys, and the Americans were on them with their swords before they could return a shot.

The English party guarding the boat did not offer the slightest resistance when the Americans rushed on them, the survivors crying for quarter.

The two American sailors sprang into their own boat and they were the first to push out.

Moll Pitcher and her son sprang into one of the English boats, the brave woman crying:

"You can handle an oar, Phil, and so can I. Now, out with you!"

"Out with us it is, mother!"

Captain Hardy and the spy took possession of the third boat, and they were the last to push out from shore.

They were not many yards from the beach when Captain Darling dashed out of the wood, followed by the English sailors, the former yelling:

"The rascals are taking the boats! Give them a volley before they are out of reach!"

The speaker fired at the last boat while running to the water, and it so happened that he took aim at his old foe, Captain Hardy.

The American received the bullet in his right breast, but he sprang up from the seat at once and aimed a pistol at his enemy, as he cried:

"That's one for me, Captain Darling, and now here's a return for you!"

The American fired while speaking, and a cry of agony burst from the English officer as he fell to the beach, groaning forth:

"He has killed me!"

Seizing the oar again the brave Virginian cried:

"Now, out with us, Randy!"

"But are you not wounded, captain?"

"Only slightly. Pull, pull as the shots are rattling around us!"

Some of the English sailors ran out into the water above their waists, to fire at the Americans, all of whom escaped uninjured except the brave Virginian.

Yells of rage burst from the English sailors as they saw the boats gliding away out of their reach, and the captain of the merchantman cried:

"The rascals cannot escape as other boats are putting out from the warships!"

The three boats were brought together when they were out of reach of the English fire, Captain Hardy saying:

"Let us into the small boat together, and then up the river with us as fast as we can!"

The brave man staggered as he stepped into the small boat, and Randy Marvin assisted him as he remarked:

"I fear you are badly hurt, captain."

"I am not, old friend; but I'll take a seat here in the stern, and Phil will pull for me."

"Willingly, sir; and sorry I will be if you are injured badly."

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

Two English boats were pushing up the river, and they soon started in pursuit of the daring Americans.

Moll Pitcher hastened to examine Captain Hardy's wounds, when she soon exclaimed:

"It is bleeding freely, but that's a good sign; and I don't think the ball is inside at all."

The good woman then hastened to stop the bleeding, as she remarked:

"I think you did for Captain Darling that time, my brave man."

"I can't say that I am sorry, Moll, as I had reason to hate the rascal."

"What did he do to you at all?"

"He insulted me grossly in England three years ago, and he stole a young lady from me by a trick that no gentleman could use."

At that time the boat was gliding along by the Jersey shore, and the pursuers had given up the chase.

Two hours afterward the Americans landed near a fort on the Jersey side of the river, which was held by the Americans.

On the following day Randy Marvin and Phil Pitcher crossed over to the New York side, in disguise, and made their way to the neighborhood of the old farmhouse.

The scout set out to watch the place as he said to his young friend:

"If my niece is there, as I told her to be, I will bring her back with me."

The spy returned in about an hour after, and Edith was with them.

The young girl was weeping, and Phil inquired:

"What is the trouble, Edith?"

"My father died last night. He was not a good man, but he was kind to me."

"And what has become of Sally?"

"She remained down in New York, as she could not get away again, for I had taken her pass," answered Edith.

They never did hear any more about the cunning girl, as she was never seen thereafter by her old friends.

Phil and his friends returned to the fort that night, where they weer all received by Moll Pitcher in the most happy manner.

That brave woman continued with the American army until the close of the war, and she was afterward rewarded by Congress for her bravery at the battle of Monmouth.

Captain Hardy recovered from his wound, but the brave soldier fell afterward, while making a raid on the Tories in Westchester County.

Randy Marvin acted as a spy and a scout to the end, and he then retired to his farm in New Jersey, with his niece, Edith Grimes.

At the close of the war Moll Pitcher held a serious conversation with her adopted son, when she informed him that he was heir to a title and a large property in Ireland.

"Then why did you bring me away from Ireland when I was a little boy?"

"Because your good mother, who was Captain Darling's sister, was afraid that old Lord Darling would rob you and ruin you before you were a man. He had charge of the property, by law, but he couldn't sell anything until you were of age. Your mother was afraid that he would get you under his thumb while you were a boy, and that was why she begged me to take charge of you as she lay on her dying bed."

"Where was my father, then?"

"He was shot three months before, and I firmly believed it was Lord Darling put him to death."

"Then would you advise me to go back and look after the property?"

"By all means, as I hold the papers to prove that you are entitled to the property and to an English title, too, if you want it."

The young man did go to Ireland to recover his estate, which he succeeded in doing after a good deal of trouble.

On his return to America Phil paid a visit to a certain farm in Jersey, where he was warmly received by Edith and her uncle.

In less than three months after there was a happy marriage in that old farmhouse, and Moll Pitcher and Randy Marvin were present when Edith became the young soldier's wife.

The brave woman lived with her adopted son until the close of her life, and she called him her boy even when he had sons and daughters growing up around him.

Next week's issue will contain "WE," by Richard R. Montgomery.

HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

"CARRY YOUR OWN" CAMPAIGN ON.

The Council of National Defense authorizes the following:

Driving home the idea by means of a slogan, "Carry your own," the commercial economy board of the Council of National Defense is working up a strong sentiment among both retail store merchants and the buying public, in favor of the "toting" of small parcels by the purchasers.

By the use of its slogan, flashed upon the screens in thousands of motion picture houses, and widely published in the periodical press, the boards aims to overcome the prejudice of the American man and woman against being seen in company with a parcel of any kind.

If the plans of the board are successful, it is certain that the net savings from a corrected and amended delivery system will run far into the millions of dollars, and that "Carrying your own" will not only become respectable, but actually a point of honor.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON A FARM.

Hundreds of thousands of city workers who are allowed a vacation this summer should plan to spend it on a farm, advises Popular Mechanics. The shortage of help on our farms is greater this year than ever before, due partly to the patriotic effort of our farmers to plant every available acre. .

Two weeks of outdoor life on a farm will be not only a new and pleasant experience to those who have never tried it, but will do wonders in building up physically for the entire year. It is not so much the time spent in idleness which constitutes a real vacation as a complete change in one's every-day work.

Aside from the satisfaction of doing something worth while for our country, the return in health and strength which outdoor exercise affords and the money earned instead of spent, there is a positive asset in this getting together of the city and the country man. The farmer will find out the city boys are not all "dudes" and the city lad will realize the modern farmer is anything but a "rube."

$114,000,000 FOR RED CROSS WAR FUND.

The effort to raise $100,000,000 in the United States for the Red Cross War Fund in the week ending June 25 resulted in realizing a total of $114,000,000. Secretary Baker paid a compliment to Major General John A. Pershing, U. S. A., in this connection by issuing the following statement: "It is eminently fitting that the final day of the Red Cross week—a week devoted to collecting a hundred million dollars for the purposes of humanity—should be called 'Pershing Day.' I am sure that the leader, first to carry the banner of our citizen soldiers to the western front, will appreciate the honor, and that his name, on the other hand, will act as an inspiration which will urge patriotic Americans to more than complete the sum required by the Red Cross before the close of 'Pershing Day.'" A feature of the week was an airplane flight made by Miss Katherine Stinson from Buffalo, N. Y., by way of Albany and Governors Island, N. Y., on June 24 and 25, carrying messages from Red Cross workers to Secretary McAdoo in Washington. Miss Stinson was entertained at luncheon at Governors Island by Major and Mrs. John A. Howard, U. S. A.

SEED SUPPLIES FOR FARMERS.

The following statement has been issued by the Department of Agriculture:

"Thousands of farmers have been assisted to find the seed supplies necessary to meet their war-time planting plans through the activities of the committee on seed stocks in the United States Department of Agriculture. The work, begun before spring planting time, is still in progress in the case of buckwheat, sorghums, and other seeds for late planting.

"The committee has gathered information in regard to seed stocks through field workers of the various bureaus and offices of the Department of Agriculture and through correspondence with lists of seed dealers and producers. Reports are issued at frequent intervals, giving the names and addresses of dealers in seeds, and indicating the relation of their seed stocks to the normal demands on them. These reports are distributed through county agents and other field workers of the department, and enable them to assist farmers in locating suitable seed desired for planting.

"The committee now has under consideration plans for assisting in the near future to find and aid State agencies in locating suitable supplies of seed for fall planting, especially winter wheat and other winter cereals and leguminous cover crops."

OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

BY J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VII (Continued).

"I shall never marry any one but Phil," persisted the child, and the boy replied:

"Well, we don't want to get married yet, Bess, because it takes money, and I have not got any."

"Oh, I expect to wait," said the child, wisely, and the others laughed again.

"Isn't she the cute wan?" chuckled Mrs. Mulligan.

"I guess you'll have to, Bess," said Phil.

That forenoon he met Harold Waterbury in the post-office, the young man looking at him scornfully as he said:

"That was a clever trick of yours to cover up your theft."

"Your own trick to make me seem guilty was a clumsy one," retorted Phil.

"You'll have to be careful, for the police have orders to watch you."

"I am not afraid of the police, but I'd advise you to look out."

"Don't you dare talk to me like that, you street cub," snarled Harold.

"That's better than a house puppy," retorted Phil.

"Do you mean to call me a puppy, you impudent beggar?"

"No, because some puppies grow up to be decent dogs, but you're only a cur."

The young man flushed and struck savagely at the boy.

Phil's street training had taught him to be always on his guard.

He quickly parried, but did not return the blow.

"I wouldn't do that," he said, quietly.

"What do you mean by insulting me, then?" demanded Waterbury.

"I didn't, I couldn't," and the boy's reply angered the young man still more.

He aimed another blow at Phil which the latter again turned aside.

"I told you not to do that," he said, in the same quiet tone as before.

Waterbury was about to aim a third blow at Phil.

At the moment a special officer stepped up.

"Here, here, this is no place to fight," he said. "Besides, the boy is smaller than you."

"He is an impudent young scoundrel and deserves a good licking," growled Harold.

"Well, I can't help that. You can't like him here."

"No, nor anywhere else," laughed Phil. "You know me, don't you?" to the officer.

"Why, yes, you're Phil Hunt, the newsboy, but you're looking fine. What have you been doing?"

Stealing from his employer," sneered Waterbury.

"I'll never believe it," declared the man. "There isn't a more honest boy in the park than Phil."

"See here, Waterbury," said Phil, "I'm on to you. You want to get me to fighting and then have me locked up. Well, I ain't doing it. Do you want me to tell what happened last night up at——"

Waterbury turned crimson and hurried away, while Phil laughed and said:

"That fellow is a sneak, but he will do dirt if he gets a show. Well, I've got to get back to the bank. See you again some day."

That Phil was right in thinking that Waterbury meant to make trouble for him was presently shown.

As the boy left the building, the young man came from behind a pillar, followed him a short distance, and then, meeting a street boy, pointed out the other and said:

"See that boy crossing the street, the one in the brown suit and carrying a mail bag, I mean?"

"Yair, I see him."

"Follow him, give him a good thrashing and make him lose his bag and I'll give you a dollar."

"I'll lick you for half the money if you say that again," retorted Butts, for he it was. "That's Phil Hunt, de best friend I are got. Beat it, young fellow, while yer shoes are good."

Waterbury saw that he had made a mistake and retreated.

He was still determined to do Phil an injury and followed him.

In his haste he did not observe that he was followed by Butts.

Reaching Phil's side, Waterbury suddenly jostled him violently and then cried in a loud tone so that all could hear:

"Here, you young thief, what are you about? Here, officer, this boy is a thief."

A crowd was rapidly collecting, as it always will in a busy street.

There was an officer close at hand, as Waterbury knew.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"De matter is dat dis guy was goin' ter swipe Phil's bag."

"Hello, Butts, you here?" cried Phil.

"Yep, I'm here, an' just now dis guy wanted me ter slug yer an' make yer lose yer letters an' he said he'd gimme a dollar."

"Do you make a charge against this young man?" asked the officer. "Why, it's Phil the newsboy, isn't it?"

"I was," said Phil, who knew and was known to all the policemen from Canal to Wall street.

"I guess there's a mistake," the man said.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

Admissions to the Naval Academy up to June 20 brought the membership of new Fourth Class well above 300. Physical examinations of those who passed the mental tests in February and April are nearly completed, but a few who failed to pass on account of minor physical defects, which may be corrected by an operation, are still to be examined. At the examination beginning June 27, 1,700 youths, the largest number ever authorized to take an entrance examination at the academy, will take the tests. It was said that 800 will be in the new class, the largest class which has ever entered the institution by about 200.

The North German Lloyd liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie was seized on June 21 in Boston Harbor by Collector Billings and held for the U. S. Shipping Board, which will proceed to put her in seaworthy condition. The seizure was a formal proceeding, as the collector's men merely relieved deputy marshals in charge of the vessel since February, as representatives of the Federal Court, before which was pending suit for damages instituted against the owners by two New York banks. The Kronprinzessin Cecilie registers 19,503 tons gross. Experts have reported to the court that it would cost about $110,000 to repair damage to the Cecilie caused by her crew under orders from Capt. Charles Polack, her commander.

Four hundred and seventy German officers—captains, engineers, warrant and chief petty officers—with stewards to wait upon them, left Ellis Island, New York harbor, on June 21 for the camp leased by the government for their accommodation at Hot Springs, N. C. The rest of the 1,100 Germans forming the crews of the ships seized in this port will stay at Ellis Island for the present, as no arrangements have been made for their accommodation elsewhere. It is understood that no more of the German officers or engineers will receive liberty on parole, and those who are now at large living with their families will be ordered to the government camp. This order will include Capt. Hans Ruser, formerly of the Vaterland, and Captain Dahl, formerly of the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has taken up with the various glass manufacturers of the country the question of an immediately increased output of glass jars suitable for preserving and canning purposes. The need for more containers for perishable fruits and vegetables becomes more urgent as the summer season advances. Many of the housewives of the country are accustomed to "can" fruit and vegetables in the glass jars instead of tin cans. The latter require a certain amount of equipment to manipulate. Many women do not have this equipment, or do not feel able to buy it, or are not familiar with the use of it, but are familiar with the method of preserving fruit in the glass jars. Responses coming in are of a reassuring nature and indicate that the glass manufacturers will endeavor to increase their output to meet the emergency.

The Star Chamber was a room in the English House of Lords, many years ago, and was so called from its ceiling being adorned with gilt stars. The despotic tribunal which sat here was also called the Star Chamber. It was under the direction of the Chancellor, and had jurisdiction of forgery, riots, fraud, libel, and conspiracy, and, indeed, every misdemeanor of public importance for which the laws had provided no sufficient punishment. It was this criminal jurisdiction that made it so powerful and odious an auxiliary of a despotic administration. Its process was summary, and often iniquitous, and its punishments arbitrary and cruel. It became particularly violent in the reign of Charles I, and it was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1641. Its fall was an important step in the progress of popular liberty.

A collection of nearly 500 war dispatches sent by General Grant during the Wilderness campaign was sold in Philadelphia on June 8 for a total of upwards of $12,000. The plainness, lack of pretension and disregard for official etiquette of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A., commander of the Union Armies in the Civil War, was revealed again in these dispatches. Writing to President Lincoln on March 20, 1865, the famous Union leader invited Lincoln to visit him in the following simple fashion: "Can you not visit City Point [Grant's headquarters] for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good." With the same degree of kindliness Grant wrote to Captain Bowers, Chief of Staff at City Point, telling him that he had mislaid a bill which the Captain had sent to him. The amount was $28.75, Grant thought, so he enclosed $30, not being able to make change, and advised the officer to go to an oyster saloon and eat a plate of oysters for the difference. The collection of dispatches was kept together by Major George Keller Leet, who was in charge of the headquarters in Washington during the time General Grant was at City Point, Va., which was his permanent headquarters during the Wilderness campaign. They were given to Major Leet's son, Grant Leet, who ordered them sold.

NEWS OF THE DAY

TRAINING COOKS FOR NAVY.

Hundreds of men have been enlisted in the Navy as cooks in the past few months and are being taught modern methods of preparing food. More than a thousand cooks are now in the service and nearly a thousand more will be required when the Navy reaches its maximum authorized strength of 150,000.

The Navy maintains two regular schools for cooks and bakers—one at Newport, R. I., and the other at San Francisco.

A cooking school was recently established at the naval home at Philadelphia, and there are 40 men in the classes there now. When they have completed their course 40 more will be sent.

Cooks in the fifth naval district are being taught on board a ship at Norfolk, where they cook in the ship's galley and get practical training under service conditions.

MOST VALUABLE MIRROR.

Within a few days the giant 100-inch mirror of the new telescope in the observatory at the top of Mount Wilson, Cal., will begin its perilous ascent of nine miles up the mountain side.

Plans are complete for the trip, and the journey will be one of the most novel ones ever made by a piece of freight. It will make the trip upon a giant motor truck, with special springs, and the mirror itself will be wrapped against jar and possible damage such as never before was known to have been the case with an inanimate object going on a journey.

Probably no more painstaking job has been undertaken in the world. It has taken twelve years to cast and shape this immense glass disk, which is expected to explore unplumbed reaches of the universe. Because of the war, it cannot be duplicated in the rough; so its intrinsic value is inestimable. Its potential value to astronomical science is almost limitless.

A PLAY FOR THE BLIND.

A curious, not to say pathetic spectacle was presented in London recently when a well-known play was enacted before a large audience by actors who wore their street clothes instead of costumes and played on a stage utterly bare of scenery. The only properties used, aside from one or two pieces of furniture, were a teacup and a telephone bell. The explanation of this strange performance lies in the fact that the audience, with a few exceptions, was composed of soldiers who had lost their sight. That the afflicted men were able to follow the action closely was indicated by their quick response to tragic and humorous lines. The action in one scene called for the breaking of a teacup, and in another the ringing of a telephone bell; hence the presence of these articles on the stage.

SUPERSTITIOUS BARBARISM.

Barbarous methods of treating sick animals as practised in certain parts of this country are described as follows by a writer in Farm and Fireside:

"Numerous cows in our neighborhood have had holes bored in their horns and turpentine poured in. They have had their tails split and salt and pepper inserted, when all the poor beasts needed was to have the vacancy in their stomachs filled with nourishing food. A neighbor who lately lost a mule from blind staggers used among other crude remedies turpentine poured directly into the ears. Hog diseases frequently appear in our community, and every sick hog is supposed to have the cholera. Some people pour coal oil into their hogs' ears as a remedy for cholera, but I cannot see where the good comes from irritating the delicate membranes inside the head when the trouble lies in another part of the body.

"Then when chickens begin to die suddenly cholera is again credited, and among the remedies employed by some people to stamp out the disease is to burn a sick chicken alive.

"Considerable mental effort is needed to realize that here in a supposedly enlightened land, filled with schools, churches, and charitable organizations, to-day, in 1917, such barbarism persists."

PHONOGRAPH IN THE ARMY.

Several striking uses have been made of the phonograph in England during the course of the present war. Before the British resorted to conscription, the talking machine was frequently employed in different ways to attract recruits. Owing, doubtless, to the lack of officers at that time, says Popular Mechanics, and also for the purpose of attracting curiosity seekers, recruits drilling in public squares and thoroughfares were occasionally given their commands by phonographs. The novelty of seeing a squad of soldiers responding to orders called out by a cabinet gramaphone that had been carried into the street never failed to draw the attention of passersby, and that was what was wanted. More recently, the dearth of musicians has now and then made necessary the substitution of phonographs for military bands at home. The County of London motor volunteers, for instance, march behind a "Tommy," who carries a talking machine strapped to his back. The instrument grinds out tuneful martial airs needed to put ginger and spirit into a body of soldiers on parade. It seems a queer makeshift, but apparently the loquacious squeaking of a portable talking machine is more desirable than silence.

HUSTLING JOE BROWN

—OR—

THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN ALIVE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER X (Continued).

Joe drew back into the shadows just in time to see the big auto come out through the gate.

There was no question now about the chauffeur, or whoever was driving it, being drunk, and the others in the car were in the same condition.

The auto struck one of the stone gate posts as the driver made the turn into the road.

The machine had not acquired speed, and the force of the shock was not so great, but Joe saw one of the women go sprawling out.

Her companion did not appear to notice the accident, and the men in front were equally oblivious.

The car backed and started off at full speed, the woman narrowly escaping being crushed under the hind wheels.

It was all done in a minute.

Joe thought the woman was surely done for.

There she lay, groaning and apparently unable to rise.

"I can't leave her so," thought Joe. "Something must be done."

He hurried up to the woman and asked if she was hurt.

"Oh, yes!" she groaned. "Oh, my arm is broken! Oh, stop them! Stop them! I don't know what I shall do!"

She was a young woman, dressed all in purple, with a purple veil tied over her head.

Joe bent over her.

He found that her left arm was indeed broken.

"They have gone, and apparently don't mean to come back," he said. "Can't you stand? You better return to the house, had you not?"

He tried to raise her, and finally managed to get her on her feet, but she was so weak that she tumbled against him, and would have fallen if he had not backed her against the stone wall.

"Get me back to the house," she groaned. "Oh, please get me back to the house!"

Joe determined to try it. He felt that it would involve little risk, as he could say that he happened to be passing when the woman fell.

But it was not so easy.

The woman could not walk well.

"Come," said Joe. "Brace up! I'll do the best I can for you. Lean on me."

They started up the broad avenue, and had nearly reached the house, when two men suddenly sprang out from among the shrubbery and confronted them.

"Hold on there!" cried one. "There are private grounds! No admittance here!"

It gave Joe a jolt, for he recognized the voice as that of one of the burglars of the night before.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TOMMY GOT JOE OUT OF A BAD FIX.

Joe was one of the cool kind, and his reply was to the point.

"I have no wish to intrude on anybody's grounds, but this lady fell out of the automobile and has broken her arm. I happened to be passing. I only want to get her to the house."

As he spoke the woman reeled and fell to the grounds.

"Gee, but she's sick for fair!" cried the other man.

He produced a dark lantern and flashed it upon the face of the woman, who had now become unconscious.

"She's one of that last auto party all right, Bill," he said. "What's to be did?"

But Bill was peering into Joe's face, and for the instant he did not answer.

"Show your glim on this feller's face," he then said. "Ha! As I thought. It's the same boy!"

He pulled aside his coat lapel and exhibited a detective's shield, at the same time laying a heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"What's this for?" cried Joe, pulling away.

"Slow and easy, young feller," said the man, grabbing him again and holding him with a vise-like grip. "You see, I am an officer. You are under arrest."

"Arrest for what? Helping a woman who is in trouble?"

"Trouble nothing. Mr. Dodger wants to see you, young feller. Just come along with me."

He started to drag Joe toward the house.

"Look out fer the dame, Jack," he called. "I'll tell Dodger. He'll send somebody to fetch her to the house if Mrs. Redding wants her brought there."

Joe did not struggle.

The detective was a big, powerful fellow, and it would have been of little use.

He felt, moreover, that this was perhaps a good opportunity to draw the enemy's fire and to find out what it was all about.

That they would attempt to detain him at the house he hardly believed.

"What's your name?" demanded the man, as he hurried Joe along.

"Joe Brown. I'm not ashamed of it. What's yours?" retorted our hero.

"None of your blame business."

"It's my business to know what you have arrested me for. There'll be trouble coming out of this."

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

METAL CAR TICKETS.

Metal street car tickets have supplanted paper tickets in Mobile, Ala., where the traction company has inaugurated a new system of registering fares. The new ticket for adults consists of a suitably inscribed flat metal ring, encircling a letter "M," which stands for Mobile. Employees are provided with a metal piece bearing the letter "E." Officials and others holding passes are required, on entering a car, to give up a metal ticket marked with a cross. These disks, as well as cents, nickels and dimes, are deposited in a special fare box which automatically registers them according to their value.

DOGS ARE LIFE GUARDS.

Police dogs as life guards may become common soon. The other day, when the children of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Phipps dashed into the surf at Palm Beach, they were accompanied by two large police dogs.

The children swam about, the dogs swimming alongside of them as guardians. The dogs had been trained as life guards, and amazed the spectators by the skill and fidelity with which they tended their small charges.

The children, who are expert swimmers, played at being in distress, and the intelligent animals responded. Whichever way the children swam, the dogs were right beside them. Mr. Phipps had them trained to swim close to a child in difficulty, offering their sturdy backs as supports.

WHY DOES A HEN CACKLE AFTER LAYING AN EGG?

The hen cackles because she is glad. She is glad because she has just accomplished something which she was put on earth to do. If you study the life on the earth carefully with this in mind, you will discover that all kinds of life give expression in some form of gladness, when they have performed the things they are on earth for, we are told by the Book of Wonders. It's the hen's way of expressing herself and letting the chicken world know. The dog wags his tail when he is pleased; boys and girls jump up and down when they are pleased, whether they have been doing anything commendable or not. No doubt also the actual laying of the egg causes some discomfort to the hen and the corresponding feeling of gladness would come naturally after the discomfort disappeared.

CLOTHES FROM PEAT.

A very interesting and economically valuable invention, in the field of "substitute materials," has recently seen the light in Sweden. A process has now been perfected there for the manufacture of a strong textile material from peat fiber. The inventor, an engineer by the name of Jegeaus, of Gotesberg, began to study this process as long as twenty years ago, but so far his methods were hampered by the drawback that the process of manufacture was much too costly; he was therefore unable to turn his idea to any practical use. Induced by the war, however, he resumed his experiments, and has now at last succeeded in making dress materials from peat on a large scale. These peat fabrics are somewhat cheaper than those of artificial wool, and they are said to be of great durability. At the moment of writing the inventor himself and several other persons are already wearing "peat" clothing. A factory for the working of the process wholesale is about to be erected.

$12,000 IN BANK, SEEKS CHARITY

Joseph Kritick is a canny soul. Clippings about the life of Hetty Green and a short biography of Harry Lauder—both well thumbed—deck a table in his chambers at 623 West Madison street, Chicago. Mr. Kritick, as his intimate friends know, is 51 years old and has an abiding contempt for life's frivolities and despises women.

"The durn critters always are wantin' a new hat," is an opinion he is wont to express. That explains why he never married.

Lumbago led him to the County Hospital the other day.

"I have heard folk speak well of this place," he told Dr. R. T. Vaughan. "I haven't any money, but if you can take me in for a while I'd be obliged."

The patient was assigned to ward 64.

"Now, this is what I call a real comfortable place," Mr. Kritick said.

"He's grateful," Dr. Vaughan remarked to a nurse.

The nurse was hanging up the patient's clothes. A bank book dropped out of a coat pocket.

"Let me see that!" Dr. Vaughan said.

"No, no; that's mine," protested Mr. Kritick. To Dr. Vaughan the book disclosed deposits amounting to $12,845 at Graham & Sons' Bank.

Mr. Kritrick, on his way out, was told competent medical attention could be had for the customary fee.

"What, pay cash?" he howled. "Never."

Last night he was sought at 624 West Madison street—the Workingman's Palace, conducted by the Salvation Army.

"Did you know you have a guest here who is worth more than $12,000?" the clerk was asked.

"That's nothin'," came the reply from behind a wire cage. "We got a retired farmer here who's worth $60,000. You can't tell nothin' about these birds."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

POLICEMAN'S BEAT COVERS 678 MILES.

Officer Wallace A. Gerard, familiarly known as "The Force," has undoubtedly the longest "beat" of any uniformed policeman in the world. His district, which is in the San Fernando Valley, recently annexed to the city of Los Angeles, consists of 170 square miles, with 678 miles of road to cover. Seventy-eight miles of this road is paved, 250 miles oiled, and the rest is in rather poor condition, sandy, dusty and unsatisfactory. With his five-passenger Buick automobile, however, he covers the ground efficiently.

When Officer Gerard first took up his work he located in the town of Van Nuys, which is in the center of the valley. He then secured a map of the section and divided his "beat" into eleven districts. By use of the telephone he keeps in touch with all of these small towns and if needed can be on hand in a short time. He is on the move constantly between the various districts so that every hour or so he has had information from every corner of his "beat."

THE OLYMPIA PULLED TO SAFETY.

The historic cruiser Olympia, flagship of Admiral Dewey's squadron at Manila Bay, is not to be lost from active service in the American navy. Wrecking tugs dragged the famous old warship from her beached position, off Block Island, R. I., on July 7. The Olympia is anchored safely in Gardiner's Bay, only a short distance from the spot where she struck an uncharted submerged rock on June 26.

In making the announcement that the most famous vessel in the navy had been saved, Mr. Daniels declared he was satisfied that the Olympia could be repaired quickly and returned to duty as flagship of Rear Admiral Wilson, commanding the Atlantic Coast Patrol in the Second Naval district.

Quick action on the part of the commanders of the rescuing warships that answered the Olympia's first calls for aid are believed here to have resulted in her being saved. Within a very short time after the old fighter had gone hard on the submerged rock pumps were at work and kept at work steadily until danger of her sinking was past. Even then, however, it was feared that a sudden storm might damage the vessel, but this emergency did not arise.

PLANK MAY PITCH WHEN 50 YEARS OLD.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I would be pitching baseball when I am fifty years old."

Eddie Plank, the forty-two-year-old southpaw of the St. Louis Browns, made this statement to Detroit friends after he had won the only victory which his team was able to take in a recent five-game series with the Tigers.

Although Plank has lost much of his speed and the sharp break on his curve ball, he has developed a "floater" that probably will stop many batsmen before the Gettysburg wonder closes his career. Plank's brains, plus his control, a fair curve, and his slow ball enable him to pitch effectively with a minimum of exertion. In the Detroit series the ball came up to the plate as big as a Zeppelin. The Detroit sluggers lunged and swung, but seldom hit the spheres safely.

In one inning Plank pitched slow balls to Cobb. Ty hit one and popped out.

"I ought to have my throat cut for hitting at that stuff, Ed," shouted Cobb, as he trotted back from first base.

But Cobb knew that he had to hit—for Plank was putting his slow ball, waist high, across the plate.

PASTOR LOSES AT CARDS.

The Reverend Alexander Alohim, pastor of the Russian Orthodox Church of the Three Saints, Garfield, N. J., lost $800 through three "friends" who taught him how to play cards, according to testimony given recently by Detective Captain Benjamin F. Turner, who assisted the Bergen County authorities in arresting three Passaic men.

Some time ago, Father Alohim, whose church has a membership of more than 1,000, met Isaac Rubin, a Justice of the Peace, of 190 Monroe street. He and Rubin, according to his story, began to talk cards, and it was agreed that Rubin would get two friends, Alexander Levy, of 238 Monroe street, and Frank Schnell, of 243 Monroe street, and all four would play a "friendly" game at the church rectory. Father Alohim said that the meeting was arranged, and that the first night they played he lost $200.

"I thought I would do better the next time," he said, "so I arranged for another game."

The second game was also a poor one for Alohim. He lost more than $100. In four games he said he lost $800 in all. Mrs. Alohim, seeing that her husband was worried, investigated. She found a pack of cards in his room and examined them closely. She found many of them marked in the corners with little black ink dots. She at once communicated with the authorities in Hackensack, and Constable Garret Dawson was put on the trail of the three men. He communicated with the Passaic police, and Captain Turner arrested the men.

They were arraigned before Justice of the Peace Johnson at Hackensack, and were held on charges of forgery, in $1,500 bail each. It was also charged that the men forged a check in the name of the priest. On this charge they were held in $500 bail each.

Father Alohim said that he was through with all card playing.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1917.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies	.06 Cents
One Copy Three Months	.75 Cents
One Copy Six Months	1.50
One Copy One Year	3.00

POSTAGE FREE

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,
166 West 23d St., New York

Good Current News Articles

If the earth should happen to revolve on its axis a little faster, it would burst, as some fly-wheels do when they exceed a safe speed. Jupiter may be regarded either as a decaying sun or a developing earth. He has not yet had time to cool. He is a great globe of gaseous and molten matter—the most extraordinary planet in the entire solar system.

Three cans of jewelry found recently in the crevice of a rock in the hills near Wheatland by a trapper were claimed by A. A. Renting of Southside, Omaha, in a letter to the Sheriff. Renting said he was making a trip from Sacramento to his home in 1895 and that he had the jewels with him. Fearing he would be robbed, he said, he hid them in the hillside and was never able to return to retrieve them.

According to reports an electrically-operated machine gun has been invented in Switzerland. The mechanism, which is operated by electricity, is stated to be capable of firing far more projectiles in a given time than any existing machine gun, and to fire without any detonation. In the absence of definite data it may be surmised that this is some form of centrifugal gun, operated by an electric motor and similar to one tried out in this country several months ago.

George Costa and Dan Rodriguez were arrested the other day and charged with using vulgar language in the vicinity of the Post Office at Grass Valley, Cal. They were taken before Justice Milroy and both entered pleas of guilty. Explaining to the men that there was too much of that sort of thing in evidence on the streets, he assessed a fine of $40 upon Costa and a fine of $30 upon Rodriguez. Both men paid their fines and went their way, promising to be careful of the language they used in the future.

That the Japanese are past masters in the art of sword-making is proved by the splendid weapons, equal to those of Toledo and Damascus, which they turn out. The actual method of sword-making in Japan is jealously guarded, an extraordinary feature of the industry being the religious ceremony which accompanies every process of their manufacture. The walls of every sword-making shop in Japan will be found to be covered with allegorical representations of the sword-makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos. Even the final processes of polishing and sharpening are characterized by certain religious ceremonies, and finally the weapons are offered, one by one, to the sword god to be blessed. This ceremony consists in placing the swords in front of the goddess of the Shintos on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and blessing upon the work is invoked.

Grins and Chuckles

"The paper says we may expect some sticky weather," quoth the Court Jester. "What paper?" demanded the King. "Flypaper," replied the Jester, making a lightning change to his suit of mail.

Mrs. X relates that while in London she inquired in a shop if they had any fresh eggs. "Yes, mum, plenty," said the shopman; "them with a hen on 'em are fresh." "I don't see any with a hen on them," said Mrs. X looking around for a nest. "The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird. 'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."

Mrs. Grummell entered the taxidermist's with a stuffed parrot in her hands. "Do you remember the bird you stuffed for me last Christmas?" she asked. "Well, the work was so badly done that the feathers are simply falling out." "Ah, madam," said the man, "that is a triumph of art. We stuff our birds so well that they moult at the proper season."

Pat was brought before the magistrate by Patrolman O'Holleran. "What is the charge against this man, officer?" asked the magistrate. "Openin' a saloon at three o'clock in the morning, yer Honor," replied the cop. "Where is his saloon?" continued the magistrate. "He ain't got no saloon, yer Honor. It was Casey's saloon he wuz openin'—with a jimmy."

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have fruit tarts twice." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think once is quite enough for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silent, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

LOOPING-THE-LOOP IN A SEAPLANE

Was done for the first time in the United States recently by Captain Francis T. Evans, of the United States Marine Corps, at Pensacola. The heavy pontoons of the seaplane, with their great head resistance, have in the past prevented looping in seaplanes. Captain Evans turned two loops before he descended.

POWERFUL RADIO STATION FOR PHILADELPHIA

It is officially announced that the preliminary construction on a wireless station has been begun at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This station, it is understood, will be one of the most powerful in the world, and will have a sending radius of something like three-quarters the distance around the globe.

U. S. SAILORS TO WEAR FINGER PRINTS ON MEDALS.

Officers and men of the navy are to wear facsimiles of the prints of the index fingers of their right hands on their identification medals.

Orders made public the other day by the Navy Department direct that every man in the service be provided with a tag of non-corrodible metal with "U. S. N." and his fingerprint etched on one side and the date of his birth and enlistment and the rank he holds in the service indicated on the other.

BIG INCREASE IN EXPORTS.

American exports in May were valued at $551,000,000, a gain of nearly $21,000,000 over April, according to a statement issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. The total exports for the 12 months ended with May were valued at nearly $6,183,000,000, the highest figure ever recorded for any one year.

Imports for May were valued at$281,000,000, the greatest total for any one month in the history of American commerce. For the year ended with May goods to the value of $2,600,000,000 were imported into the United States—another record.

Merchandise entered free of duty in May amounted to 71 per cent of the total, and for the 12-month period to 69.3 per cent.

The imports of gold in May were $52,000,000 and the exports $58,000,000. The net imports of gold for the 12 months ended with May were $776,000,000.

FRANCE'S GREAT NEW WATERWAY.

In the midst of war France has gone ahead with its Marseilles-Rhone Canal, a waterway about 350 miles long, navigable by heavy freight barges. It was begun in 1903 and is to be completed in 1919.

Important structures connected with the canal, says a writer in the Scientific American Supplement, are the cut of the Ulede, that of Gignac (which is a mile and a quarter long and 100 feet deep) and the Rove tunnel, the most important work connected with the future waterway. This is said to be not only the longest work of this kind ever executed upon French soil, but to be wider than any other in the world, 71.5 feet. From the bottom of the canal to the top of the vault is nearly fifty feet, which gives a section equal to six times that of an ordinary double track railroad tunnel. The debris to be extracted amounts to twice as much as that of the double tunnel of the Simplon Pass, which still holds the record of being the longest in the world. Three years more will be required to finish the Rove tunnel.

"Owing to the unforeseen difficulties created by the war, the expense of the undertaking will much exceed the estimated figures. The estimated expense of about $12,280,000, of which the Rove tunnel claimed $11,120,000, is expected now to exceed $20,000,000.

LIQUOR FOR LIFE SEIZED.

Before State-wide prohibition went into effect in Nebraska on May 1 of this year, Anton Larson, a farmer living near Omaha, went around to a life insurance company, had himself examined and found that according to the mortuary tables he would probably live for forty years.

Then Larson bought himself a forty years' supply of liquor and salted it away out at his farm. He built a special house for the liquor and stored it away in the most systematic manner.

There were 4,000 gallons of beer, whisky, brandy, wine and other drinks. Larson had estimated that he would drink 100 gallons every year for the balance of his lifetime. That is nearly a third of a gallon a day.

Under the Nebraskan prohibition law an individual can have a "reasonable" amount of liquor in his own home, provided his supply was purchased and laid in before the law went into effect. After the law became effective no further liquor could be brought into the State.

Larson made one mistake in storing his life supply of liquor. The law provides that the liquor shall be kept in the home. Larson had constructed a special house for his liquor. It was not actually in his home, so Sheriff Clark raided the place and brought the entire supply down to the courthouse, where it filled several rooms.

Not only was his 4,000 gallons taken, but the court placed a fine of $100 on Larson for having liquor in his possession outside of his home.

SCIENTIFIC MIND READING.

Wonderful! Startling! Scientific! You hand a friend a handsome set of cards on which are printed the names of the 28 United States Presidents. Ask him to secretly select a name and hold the card to his forehead and think of the name. Like a flash comes the answer "Lincoln, Washington," or whatever name he is thinking of. The more you repeat it the more puzzling it becomes. With our outfit you can do it anywhere, any time, with anybody. Startle your friends. Do it at the next party or at your club and be the lion of the evening. This was invented by a famous magician.

Price, with complete set of cards and full instructions, 12 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK.

This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

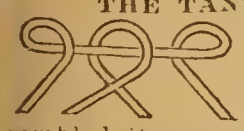
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

WILLARD-JOHNSON PRIZE-FIGHT PUZZLE.

Four strips of cardboard, each three inches by one and a half inches, showing Willard and Johnson in various absurd postures. The solution in the puzzle lies in so arranging the strips that they show Willard in the complete picture, the heavyweight champion. Price, 10c, by mail, postpaid, with directions.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE TANTALIZER PUZZLE.



Consists of one horizontal and one perpendicular piece of highly polished metal bent in such a manner that when assembled it seems utterly impossible to get them apart, but by following the directions it is very easily accomplished. This one is a brain twister. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid, with directions.

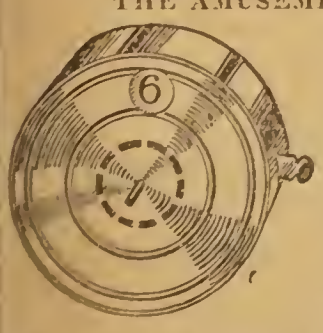
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

PHANTOM CARDS.

From five cards three are mentally selected by any one, placed under an ordinary handkerchief, performer withdraws two cards, the ones not selected; the performer invites any one to remove the other two, and to the great astonishment of all they have actually disappeared. No sleight-of-hand. Recommended as the most ingenious car dtrick ever invented. Price 10c, by mail.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE AMUSEMENT WHEEL



This handsome wheel, 7¾ inches in circumference, contains concealed numbers from 0 to 100. By spinning the wheel from the centerpost the numbers revolve rapidly, but only one appears at the circular opening when wheel stops spinning. It can be made to stop instantly by pressing the regulator at side. You can guess or bet on the number that will appear, the one getting the highest number winning. You might get 0, 5 or 100. Price, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.

The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickeled with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

GOLD PLATED COMBINATION SET.

Gold plated combination set, with turquoise stone. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO AND ITCH POWDER.

As Itch powder, Cachoo and Bombs are unmailable, we cannot accept orders for less than One Dollar's worth of an assortment. They can be sent by express only, on which we will prepay the charges.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

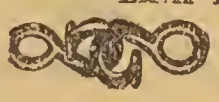
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

IMITATION BED BUGS.

This toy is an exact imitation of the friendly little fellow who shares your bed, eats out of your hand or leg and who accepts your humble hospitality even without an invitation. The fact that he also insists on introducing all his friends and family circle, sometimes makes him most unpopular with the ladies; most every woman you know would have seven kinds of fits if she saw two, or even one, of these imitations on her bedspread. Six are contained in a transparent envelope. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LINK THE LINK PUZZLE.



The sensation of the day. Pronounced by all, the most baffling and scientific novelty out. Thousands have worked at it for hours without mastering it, still it can be done in two seconds by giving the links the proper twist, but unless you know how, the harder you twist them the tighter they grow. Price, 6c.; 3 for 15c.; one dozen, 50c., by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE HELLO PUZZLE

Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

The Bottle Imp.—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement and is of convenient size to carry about. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

$2 to $500 EACH paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. **CLARKE COIN Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.**

To the Wife of One Who Drink

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method, guaranteed. Write to Edw. J. Woods, C 228, Station E, New York, N. Y. Show this to others.

RUBBER TACKS.

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c. a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Recommended very highly. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.

This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars, like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you thought there were some cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.

Price 35 cents, sent by parcel post, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

TWO-CARD MONTE.

This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.

Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

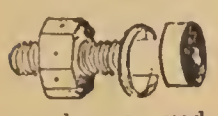
PAPEL BLANCO.

Four cards are placed in a hat. One card is removed and the balance are now shown to be changed to blank cards. The cards can be thoroughly examined.

Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

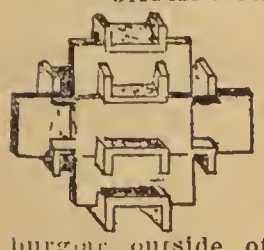
NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.



A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed The question is how to remove the nut. Price, 15c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. N. Y.

JAPANESE BANK PUZZLE.



Built up of a large number of grooved pieces of wood. Very difficult to take apart, and very difficult to put together. It can be so dissected as to make a bank of it and when reassembled would defy the most ingenious bank burglar outside of prison. Price 35c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

MAGIC PENCILS.

The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MONGOL PLAYING CARDS.

An exact imitation of a pack of the finest quality playing cards in a very neat case. You hand the package to your friend, requesting him to shuffle the cards, and as he attempts to do so a cap inside expuodes loud enough to make him see stars. Price 25c, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

IMITATION FLIES.

Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it. Price, 10c, by mail postpaid.

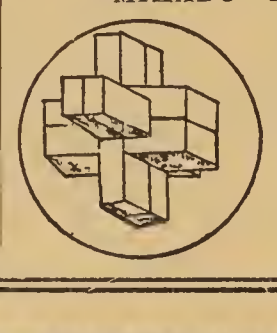
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

TOKIO CARD TRICK.

You place five cards in a hat. Remove one of them and then ask your audience how many remain. Upon examination the remaining four have vanished. A very clever trick. Price 10c. by mail. postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, New York City.

MIKADO BLOCK PUZZLE.



Imported from Japan. This neat little puzzle consists of six strangely cut pieces of white wood unassembled. The trick is to so assemble the blocks as to form a six-point cross. Price 12c, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE JOKE SPIKE.

This joke spike is an ordinary iron spike or very large nail, the same as is found in any carpenter's nail box. At the small end is a small steel needle, ½ inch in length, firmly set in spike. Take your friend's hat or coat and hang it on the wall by driving (with a hammer) the spike through it into the wall; the needle in spike will not injure the hat or garment, neither will it show on wall or wood where it has been driven. The deception is perfect, as the spike appears to have been driven half-way through the hat or coat, which can be left hanging on the wall.

Price, 10 cents, or 3 for 25 cents; by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.

Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price, by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c each; large size, 35c each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE CREEPING MOUSE.

This is the latest novelty out. The mouse is of a very natural appearance. When placed upon a mirror, wall, window or any other smooth surface, it will creep slowly downward without leaving the perpendicular surface. It is furnished with an adhesive gum-roll underneath which makes it stick. Very amusing to both young and old. Price, ten cents by mail.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MAGIC MIRROR.

Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sidewise and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3½ x 2¼ inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10 cents each. postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

READ THIS ONE!

"Moving Picture Stories"

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

PRICE 6c PER COPY PRICE 6c PER COPY

THE BEST FILM MAGAZINE ON EARTH

BUY A COPY! ENJOY YOURSELF!

Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Performers!

32 PAGES OF READING OUT EVERY FRIDAY

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS

New Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses
Six Stories of the Best Films on the Screens
Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays
Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films
Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and while Picture-making
Lessons in Scenario Writing, and names of Companies who buy your plays
Poems, Jokes, and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET!

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line.

No amount of money is being spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world.

Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send us 6 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you any number you desire

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York City

PLUCK AND LUCK

—LATEST ISSUES—

980 Gunboat Dick; or, Death Before Dishonor. By Jas. C. Merritt.
981 Fifty Riders in Black; or, The Ravens of Raven Forest. By Howard Austin.
982 The Boy Rifle Rangers; or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By An Old Scout.
983 Where? or, Washed into an Unknown World. By "Noname."
984 Fred Fearnaught, the Boy Commander; or, The Wolves of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
985 From Cowboy to Congressman; or, The Rise of a Young Ranchman By H. K Shackleford.
986 Sam Spark, the Brave Young Fireman; or, Always the First on Hand By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
987 The Poorest Boy in New York, And How He Became Rich. By N. S. Wood.
988 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Hunting for a Sunken Treasure. By "Noname."
989 On Time; or, The Young Engineer Rivals. By Jas. C. Merritt.
990 Red Jacket; or, The Boys of the Farmhouse Fort. By An Old Scout.
991 His First Glass of Wine; or, The Temptations of City Life. By Jno. B. Dowd.
992 The Coral City; or, The Wonderful Cruise of the Yacht Vesta. By Richard R. Montgomery.
993 Making a Million; or, A Smart Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford
994 Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle; or, Chasing the Pirates of the Spanish Main By "Noname."
995 Flyer Dave, the Boy Jockey; or, Riding the Winner. By Allyn Draper.
996 The Twenty Gray Wolves; or, Fighting a Crafty King By Howard Austin.
997 The Palace of Gold; or, The Secret of a Lost Race. By Richard R. Montgomery.
998 Jack Wright's Submarine Catamaran; or, The Phantom Ship of the Yellow Sea. By "Noname."
999 A Monte Cristo at 18; or, From Slave to Avenger. By Allyn Draper.
1000 The Floating Gold Mine; or, Adrift in an Unknown Sea By Captain Thos. H. Wilson.
1001 Moll Pitcher's Boy; or, As Brave as His Mother. By General Jas. A. Gordon.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 6 cents. per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher - - - - - - - - - 168 West 23d St., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of these weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from the publishers direct. Write out and fill in your Order and send it with the price of the weeklies you want, and the weeklies will be sent to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A.M., M.D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the question given.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.—Giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations.

No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.—Explains how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a cadet. By Lu Senarens.

No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. By Lu Senarens.

No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennet. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day.

No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. Fully illustrated.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete illustrations for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. Fully illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks scars, etc. Illustrated.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight-of-hand, together with many wonderful experiments By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man.

No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover, containing a half-tone photo of the author.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved method of mesmerism; animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key of telling characters by the bumps on the head By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S. Fully illustrated.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

No. 84. HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.—Containing information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscripts. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscripts

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c per copy, or 3 for 25c, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, - - - - - - - - - - 168 West 23d St., N. Y.